VOL. CCIX, No. 2727

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THE SPHERE, MAY 17, 1952
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The SPHERE

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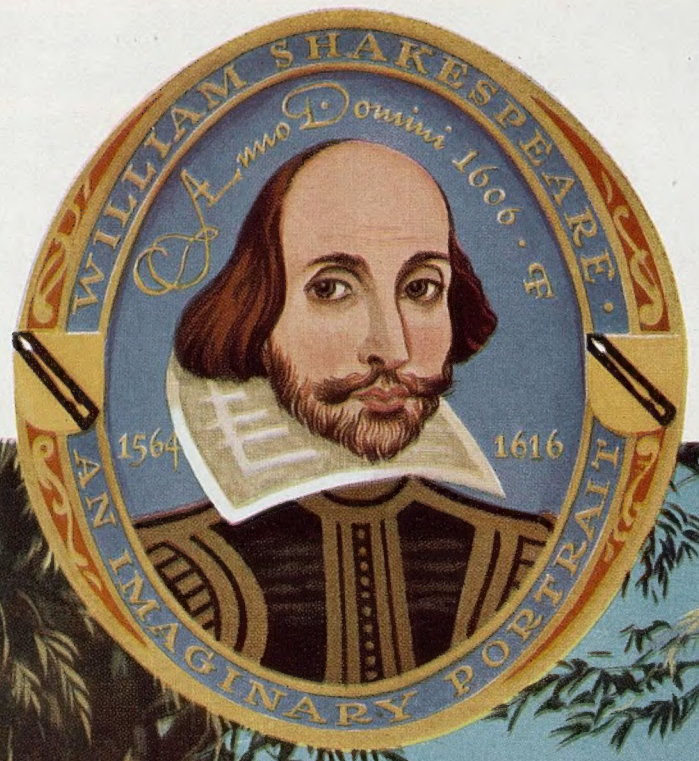
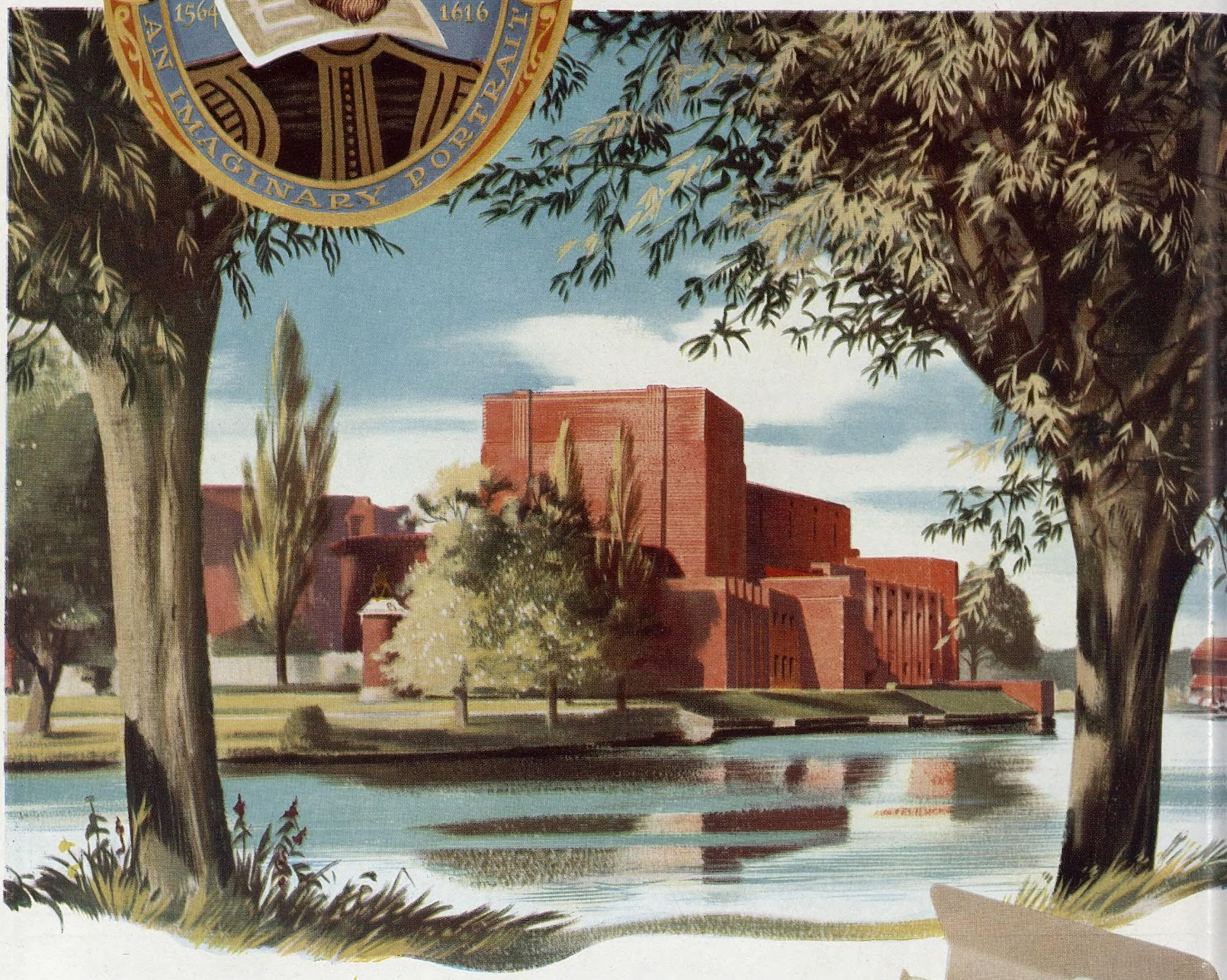
BRITAIN'S HERITAGE—QUALITY





WHEN Shakespeare wrote his timeless plays, English literature was suddenly enriched. His genius will speak for many generations to come, and for many occasions. In a country prolific in great writers, he was the greatest of them all. The soil which fostered the great Bard fostered other talents in many other fields. In these, too, quality came to be the one standard by which things were judged. Today, in art, science and industry, the same ideal of quality still lives; the same high standard is the mark of continued public acceptance and approbation,

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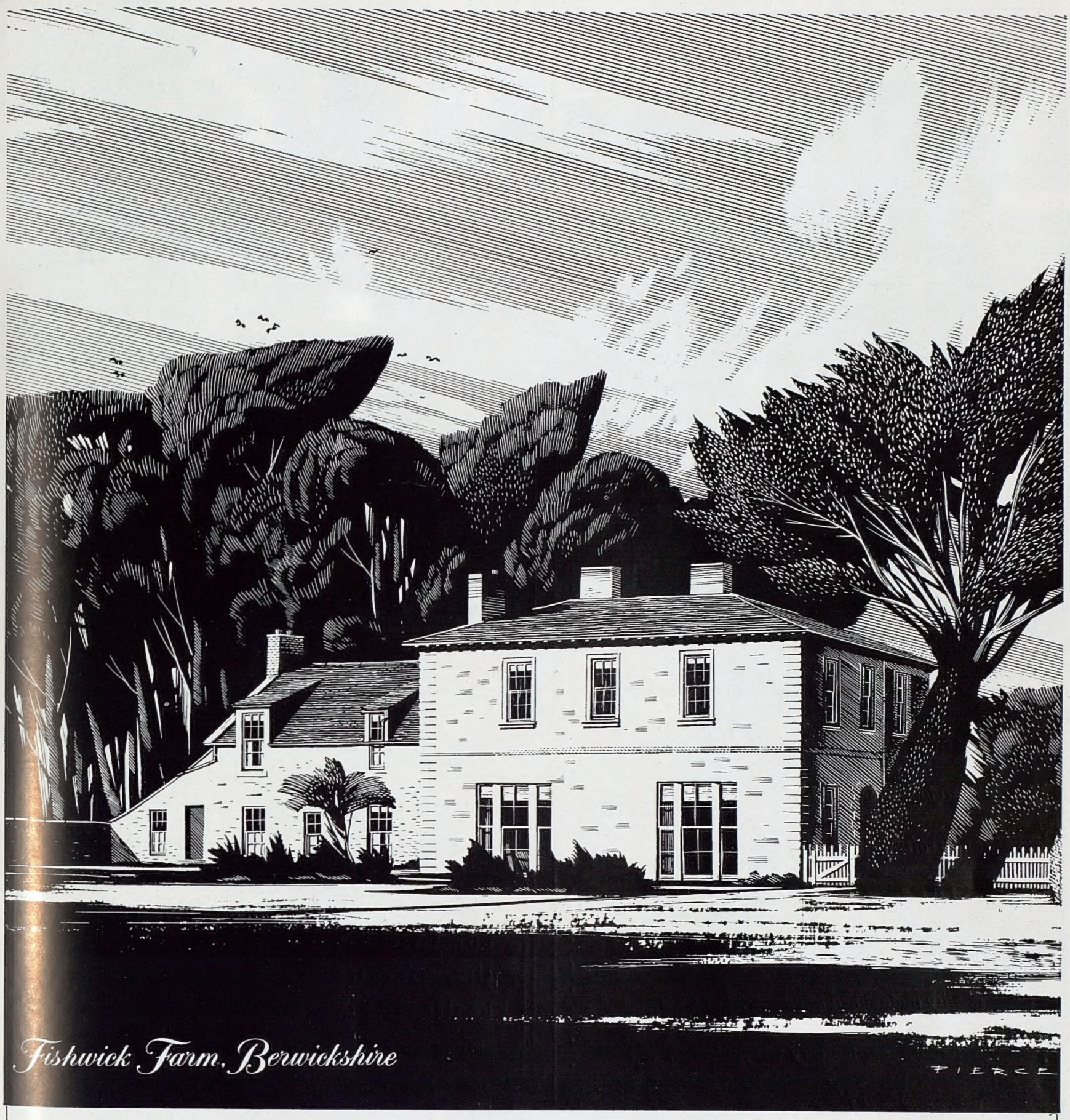

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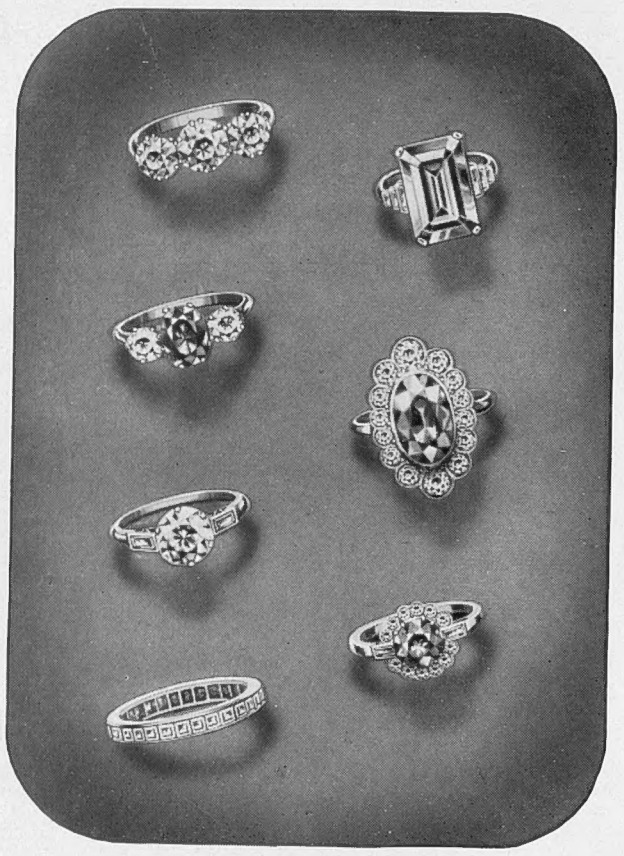

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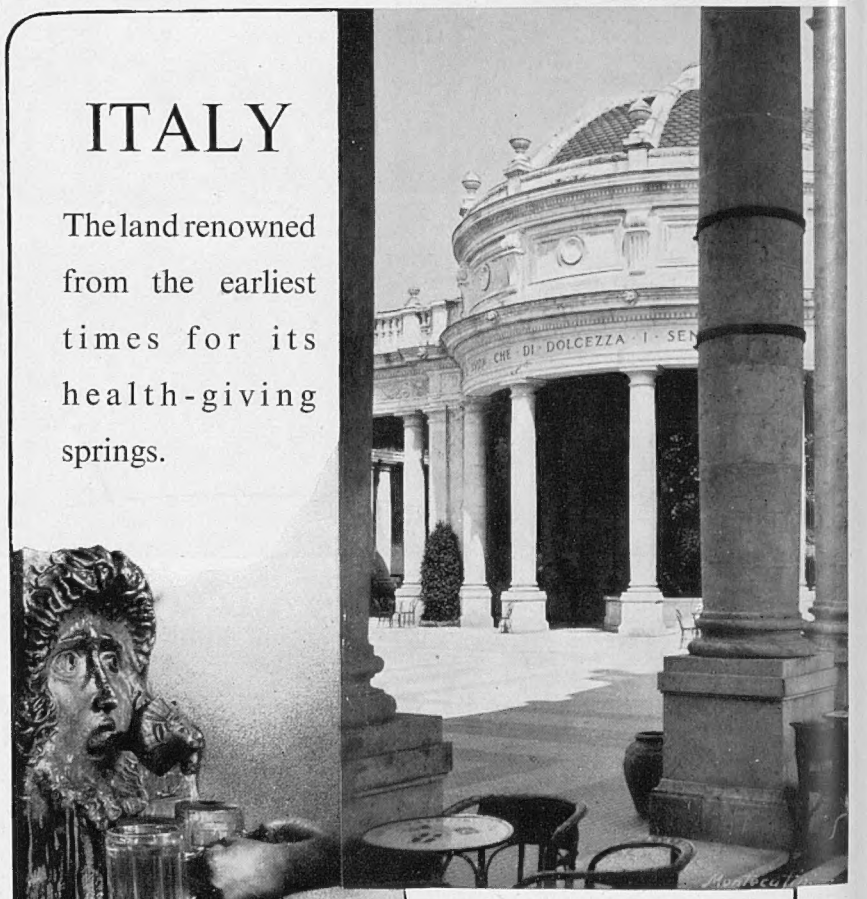


Italy

"Considerable reductions in the prices of petrol for motorists visiting Italy."

Information from :
ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT),
201, Regent Street, London, W.1,
and all Travel Agencies.

Volume CCIX No. 2727

The SPHERE, London, May 17, 1952

The SPHERE

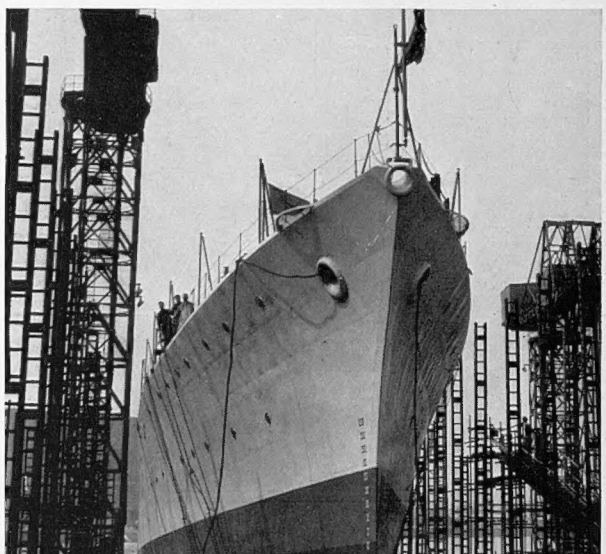
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

QUEEN MARY GOES OUT FOR HER FIRST DRIVE—HER MAJESTY, WHO CAUGHT A SEVERE CHILL ON APRIL 3 AND REMAINED INDOORS UNTIL LAST WEEK-END, SEEN AS SHE LEFT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE LAST SATURDAY ON AN HOUR'S TOUR OF THE LONDON PARKS : On May 26 Queen Mary will celebrate her eighty-fifth birthday. She was born at Kensington Palace in 1867, and she spent most of her girlhood at Kensington, later moving with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, to White Lodge, Richmond Park. Her marriage to the Duke of York (later King George V) took place on July 6, 1893.

After attending the confirmation of her godson the Duke of Kent in the private chapel of the Royal Lodge at Windsor at the beginning of April, it was reported that Queen Mary was suffering from a chill, and she was not seen in public again for five weeks. Last Saturday afternoon, restored to health, her Majesty drove out from Marlborough House on an hour's tour of the London parks. During the week-end Queen Mary also received visits at Marlborough House from King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark, who were on a private visit to this country to fulfill two engagements, and from her daughter the Princess Royal. The Princess Royal has only lately celebrated her fifty-fifth birthday.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A FATALITY AT THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "DIANA"

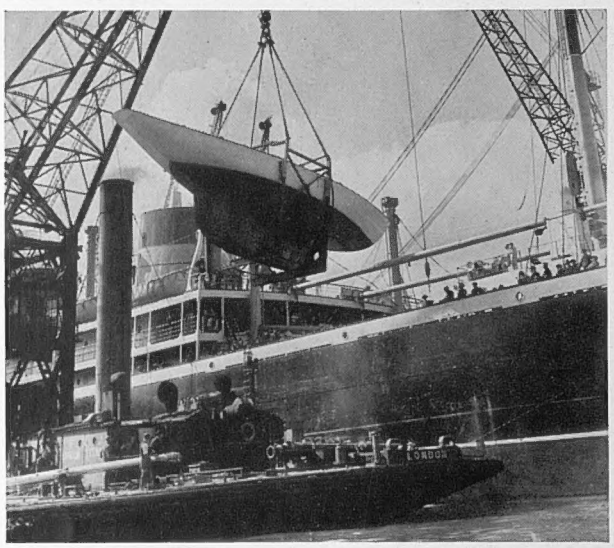


THE NEW DARING-CLASS DESTROYER ENTERS THE WATER: H.M.S. *Diana* seen during the launching ceremony at Yarrow's shipyard, Scotstoun, Glasgow. As the 2,610-ton vessel moved down the launching ways a hawser whipped suddenly and struck one of the shipyard workers across the head. The man, Robert Williamson, of Pollokshaws, died shortly after he had been pulled clear of the drag-chains against which he was thrown.

THE NEW PLYMOUTH LIFEBOAT IS READY

"THE THOMAS FOREHEAD AND MARY ROSE": Plymouth's new lifeboat, which was due to be officially launched this week by the Duchess of Kent. The vessel, which is Diesel driven, is designed with many modern improvements. In addition to her crew of eight, she can take 100 people on board in rough weather.

THE "LUTINE" SETS OUT FOR AMERICA



HOISTING THE "LUTINE" ABOARD THE CUNARD STEAMER "ALSATIAN" IN THE KING GEORGE V DOCK IN LONDON: This ocean-racing yacht, which is to take part in the Bermuda race, was recently launched and named at Camper and Nicholson's yard in Hampshire. On arrival in America the *Lutine* will undergo a month's working out preparatory to taking part as one of the main British entries in the annual 650-mile New York to Bermuda race. The yacht will subsequently take part in the transatlantic race from Bermuda to Plymouth in July.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Merry Month.—The poets of Arcadia (which any past era may be called in contrast with our own) hailed the sweet month of May as a return to peace, and love and loveliness, when winter's rains and ruins are over and all the season of snows and sins. They invoked us to rise early and dabble in the dew and sing praises to the warm sunshine. They are out of date with their pagan pæons and ceremonies.

> "If you 're waking, call me early, call me early, Mother, dear;
> For to-morrow is the bloodiest day of all the bloody year,
> And I 'm to be King of the Thugs, Mother, King of the Thugs, Mother, dear."

I composed these pretty lines, which owe only a little to Tennyson, in a cloud-burst in Stygian darkness on a May evening. The fair countryside was spangled with lambs and daisies and criminal lunatics wandering abroad on their "lawful occasions," and from every quarter of the globe came in reports of murder, arson, sabotage and hatred. The weather, it seemed, had exactly caught the spirit of man, of men newly released to freedom (like the Japanese), and in a brief hour did its very damnedest to wreck the blossoms and promises of spring; it wreaked its blind vengeance of its own creations. The Press, the faithful servant of the public, recorded for us in detail the May Day revels of men of all nations who "crept out to feel the sun" and thank God for His mercies. Hundreds of thousands marched out to murder and loot. Some were out hunting murderers, some exhumed corpses suspected of containing poison, some, taking advantage of these activities, went a-burgling with success; many more expressed their love of beauty by spilling hate in parliaments and conference rooms, and 500,000 at least downed tools to picket their own means of livelihood. The merrie month opened joyously. "It 's a beautiful day, Mr. Beerbohm," as Swinburne remarked once at No. 2, The Pines, Putney. It 's a beautiful world and we show our appreciation of it on May Day. Why not Christmas Day?

Second Chamber.—Lord Samuel was the right man to remind the Government in the Lords of one of its election pledges—"the calling of an all-party conference to consider proposals for reform of the House of Lords." As *The Times* reminded us, he and Mr. Churchill are survivors of the Cabinet which passed the Parliament Act of 1911 which shored the Second Chamber of its most vital function. No man has said more sensible things about this reform than Lord Samuel. He is old enough to remind us that reform of the hereditary principle was no new thing in 1911. It goes back to Methuselah, and Prime Minister Lord Salisbury, who had the vision and breadth to judge that that principle, as democracy advanced, must germinate the seeds of the destruction of the Second Chamber's power. It has, and it did, and his grandson agrees in principle. Conference has followed conference, formal and informal, and nothing has been done or agreed, nor is it likely that, even if all-party agreement were this year reached on details of reform, any Act of Parliament would implement it in this Parliament. If it does not, the House of Lords in our time is doomed, either to continued constitutional impotence or to extinction. In 1948, when another Parliament Act was forced through in a rather unconstitutional way, an all-party conference was squeezed out of the Government, and it very nearly reached agreement on principles of reform. The difference was narrow. Lord Jowitt rather suggested on May 10 that the Socialists might widen it again. It concerned the reformed House's power of postponement of any measure, introduced in the last years of a Parliament, until after a general election. The Tories stood for that right during the last two years, the Socialists held to the fifth year only. All parties agreed to end the principle of a Chamber recruited *solely* by hereditary right. I have always felt that that compromise was fatal to any permanent or constructive reform. If the hereditary principle is logical in modern democracy, it cannot logically be modified. If it is *not* (and who dare argue otherwise?) it must go bag and baggage before our vaunted democracy is laughed out of court by the world. All of which suggests an apt question for "Little Peterkin" after the next conference on H.L. reform.

"Oh! The Doing and Undo-ing."—I believe that even the British public can grow bored with the favourite themes supplied them by Radio and Press—yes, even with the dog-fights of party politicians and even—dare I say it?—with "intimate" gossip of the private affairs of the Royal family. I have proof of it. So many of my acquaintances have assured me that they can no longer endure Party political broadcasts and have in the last months enjoyed with thankfulness the enforced holiday of Court snoopers and columnists. But it takes a tremendous and often repeated banquet to make the appetite of the public sicken. I hope and believe now at long last the turn of party-political fighting is coming. Even the protagonist speaker or, at least, the better-educated among them—found that mere destructive abuse of the other bores the hearers, and some of them are adopting adapting a slightly more constructive argume Mr. Churchill, naturally, was among the first to cover that the public was becoming restive u mere destructive abuse or ridicule of the other and has of late employed his effective, statesman manner; and some of his opponents are imitating as far as their natures allow. Yet to date only Conservative statesmen have fully realised the damaging implications that lie in the division of nation into two roughly equal parts as a result intense party strife whipped up and sustained party policy. The worst feature has escaped Socialists. It is the acute danger that the pu (Socialist and Conservative alike), from sheer bored and frustration, will become apathetic and hostile politicians, Parliament and policies *en bloc*, sicke by eternal *tu-quoques* and mud-slinging, and see before them for decades snap-vote, insecure admi trations with no more constructive policies than unscramble the scramblings of their predecessors, spoilt ill-tempered children destroy each other's castles. Even a confirmed Socialist (as most Socialis are) may soon come to prefer four years u

THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR, DR. FIGL, IN LOND

GREETED AT THE DOORWAY OF NO. 10 DOWNING STRE Mr. Winston Churchill welcoming Dr. Leopold Figl, Austrian Federal Chancellor, at the start of his official to Britain. After calling at No. 10, Dr. Figl went on Buckingham Palace, and was received in audience by Queen. At a Press conference, Dr. Figl indicated Austria might have to appeal to the United Nations if question of her Peace Treaty was not soon resolved. Wh in London Dr. Figl also visited Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler, he addressed the Inter-Parliamentary Union at the Ho of Commons. During the war, Dr. Figl was for five ye in Dachau concentration camp, and it has been said hundreds of his fellow-inmates owe their lives to ingenuity in delaying German construction of a gas cham

Mr. Churchill to another unsettlement and unscramb under another unstable Labour administration with vulnerable sand castles.

"Debrett" and a Viscountcy.—I immortal Edwardian wit, Saki, was reminded "the man I read of in some sacred book who given a choice of what he most desired. And becau he didn't ask for titles and honours, but only immense wealth, these other things came to him als "I am sure you didn't read about him in a sac book," said his companion. "Yes, I fancy you find him in *Debrett*." *Debrett* was certainly a sac book before and right through the Edwardian And only recently one of the editors of a Peerage deploring the fact that nowadays "Trade Un leaders and others," who are quite unable financi to support the dignity of the peerage, have be recklessly added to its illustrious roll. Which also suggests that Saki's cynicism wore the colour of tr a suggestion which a study of the history of peerage up to 1914 strongly supports. But a peer editor is not jealous only of the integrity of heredita riches for his peers. He is very much concern with their legal claims to admission to the sacred bo quite apart from money considerations. In its

edition, *Debrett* has thrown a bombshell and unseated or shaken no fewer than four holders of the ancient Viscountcy of Valentia, the first of the four having so adorned his honour as to have earned from his contemporaries and cartoonists the unique title of "*The Viscount.*" This famous figure, known as the eleventh Viscount Valentia, certainly rested as Viscount Valentia on a delayed charge, but he was made "safe" in a barony of the U.K. conferred on him personally in 1917; but the bombshell, if it has the power it confidently asserts, would unseat entirely from *Debrett* the two remote cousins who in turn succeeded the eleventh Viscount's son, who unquestionably was the second Baron Annesley of Bletchington.

"For Schoolchildren Only."—The New Gallery cinema is now making a great effort in national education. The vehicle is a Russian film, by no means lacking in skill and technique, having indeed some magnificent scenes of splendour and terror, and lacking neither wit nor reality. The chief thing lacking is proportion or historical truth. For the film tells how Russia won the Second World War and captured Berlin. British and American airmen and soldiers and sailors are not even employed as supers, but an exception is made in "Gaffer" Churchill's case, who hobbles on on crutches, mumbling an occasional objection to Stalin's planned policy of perfection. Hitler is presented as rather too much of an imbecile to tax the full powers of Stalin's genius for strategy. That is a blunder. It dilutes the immensity of Stalin's lone triumph of genius.

Cricket's Reprieve—and a Standing Joke Committee.—I value Parliament most when in debate a Minister, shepherding his Bill through, bows to the criticism of Members and makes a concession. That is what Parliament is intended to be—a place to shape bills, not to force them. Mr. Butler bowed and reprieved cricket for one year more from the heavier entertainment tax. The late Secretary M.C.C. did the job with his doleful picture handed in of the coming bankruptcy of Lord's, where in the pavilion on Test Match and Eton-Harrow days you can count the Conservative Cabinet Members. But though for this relief much thanks, the fate of cricket will not be settled by any financial reprieve. It will be settled by the players. If they treat cricket as a game, and not as a historic event, cricket may survive; if they don't and won't, they won't collect a gate with a 6d. charge. And now Mr. Butler must look round for an alternative chicken-feed. Why not take it in reverse and look round for an *economy* somewhere, even in local government? It would look well if Whitehall passed the news to local government that economy *is* desirable. Whitehall might, for example, examine the present case of the Standing Joint (or Joke) Committees of the Counties. It is a statutory committee of old standing, enormous and unwieldy. Among its members are at least one (sometimes more) from each Petty Sessional division. A new committee, the Magistrates Courts Committee, was recently set up to take over practically all the vital functions affecting magistrates hitherto carried out by the Standing Joke Committee (and already the new committee has spawned others). But still the Petty Sessional members of the Standing Joke are expensively summoned quarterly to County Hall, driving their forty miles to yawn through a totally irrelevant agenda and to "pass" without vouchers or accountancy aids three months' elaborate accounts of small disbursements in a few minutes; still the old joke rattles on. What a gesture if Whitehall looked into this expensive absurdity and released the P.S. members and *saved* some money! But no doubt the P.S. members enjoy their gossip and lunch in the county town, and a free trip if they like to ask for it. It is for them like a day in the pavilion at Lord's. Mere chicken-feed and not worth while? We are, I think, incurable.

The Day of Youth.—I am glad that Mr. Maclay is to be sworn of the Privy Council, a tribute to his worth and a solace in his disappointment and ill-health. I expect him soon to return to his team. Messrs. Hopkinson and Macleod, newly promoted, also become P.C.s, the last-named at an early age. He is thirty-eight. Thus the new shuffle is a shuffle of young men, the average age being only forty-five. Mr. Churchill is a believer in youth, despite his well-known loyalty to his contemporary friends and supporters. In Mr. Macleod he believes he has found a young recruit proven already capable of wiping the floor with Mr. Bevan, the Welsh wizard of debate. Mr. Macleod, of course, has qualities fitting him for tasks far more important. He will be confused with Mr. John MacLeod, M.P. for Ross and Cromarty. Both are Johns, but note the capital "L" in the latter's surname. Both came from the Isles, both found wives from Gloucestershire. I should not be surprised if MacLeod follow Macleod—upwards.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE DERBY

A Special Feature with Articles

By JOHN HISLOP and BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DRAWINGS BY JULIET McLEOD AND A MAP BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK

KING FREDERIK AND QUEEN INGRID AT LIVERPOOL STREET STATION: The King and Queen of Denmark seen at the start of their six-day visit, which was essentially of a private nature but included two official occasions, the visit to Canterbury Cathedral to unveil the war memorial of the Buffs in the chapel of St. Michael and All Angels, and to the new church of the Danish community in London. The King and Queen were met at Liverpool Street by Prince Georg of Denmark, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and members of the Danish Embassy in London. Queen Ingrid will again visit England in June with the three young Royal Princesses, Margarethe (twelve), Benedicte (eight) and Anne Marie (six). The two official engagements of the Danish Royal visitors were carried out last week-end. Pictures taken at the ceremonies in London and Canterbury appear on page 246 of this issue.

ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE; THE GUARDS PREPARE FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

A MORNING IN MAY ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: The guard-mounting parade for Buckingham Palace and St. James's taking place on the great square. The parades normally take place in barracks, but are now being held in public view as preparations are made for Trooping the Colour on the Queen's official birthday in June. Trooping the Colour will be one of the first official engagements following the end of Court Mourning on Saturday, May 31.

WITH THE DANISH KING AND QUEEN IN ENGLAND

Two Official Occasions During their Private Stay

KING FREDERIK AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL : The King with Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Dean of Canterbury, when the former arrived at Canterbury last week-end to unveil in the Warriors Chapel of the Cathedral a memorial window for the 1,277 officers and men of The Buffs, including Danish brothers-in-arms, and of the sister regiment, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. The King of Denmark is Colonel-in-Chief of The Buffs (The Royal East Kent Regiment), and for the occasion he wore British Service dress. Dr. Hewlett Johnson accepted the memorial window on behalf of the Cathedral and dedicated it, and he also accepted and dedicated gifts from the regiment of an altar in marble and stone, a cross and candlesticks in gold and crystal, and an altar carpet.

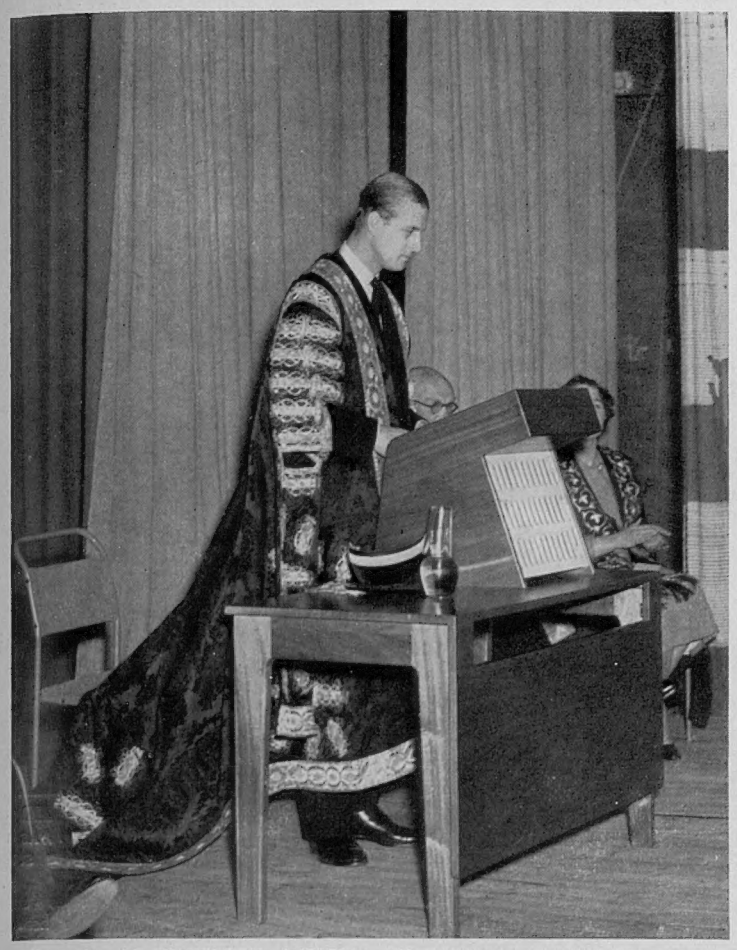
THE DEDICATION IN THE WARRIORS CHAPEL AT CANTERBURY : The Dean of Canterbury dedicating the east window in the Chapel to the officers and men of The Buffs and their Danish brothers-in-arms. During the service King Frederik of Denmark stood on the right of the altar.

KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK VISITS THE DANISH CHURCH IN LONDON FOR ITS CONSECRATION BY THE BISHOP OF COPENHAGEN : The King walking down the aisle accompanied by Count Reventlow, the Danish Ambassador. Queen Ingrid is walking just behind the King.

QUEEN INGRID AND KING FREDERIK LEAVING THE DANISH CHURCH IN LONDON AFTER THE SERVICE OF CONSECRATION : Together with the visit to Canterbury, this was one of the two official occasions during their Majesties' private visit to London. The Danish Church, St. Katharine's, Regent's Park, has been restored at a cost of about £38,000. It lies in the north-east corner of Regent's Park and, secured on lease, becomes the first permanent Danish church in London for about eighty years. Adjoining is a meeting hall and club room. The service began with a procession of the clergy, headed by the Bishop of Copenhagen, Dr. Hans Fuglsang-Damgaard, who at the altar received from the priests the Bible, the sacramental vessels, and the altar book of the church.

ROYAL OCCASIONS

THE QUEEN AT THE B.I.F., AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S TOUR OF SOUTH WALES

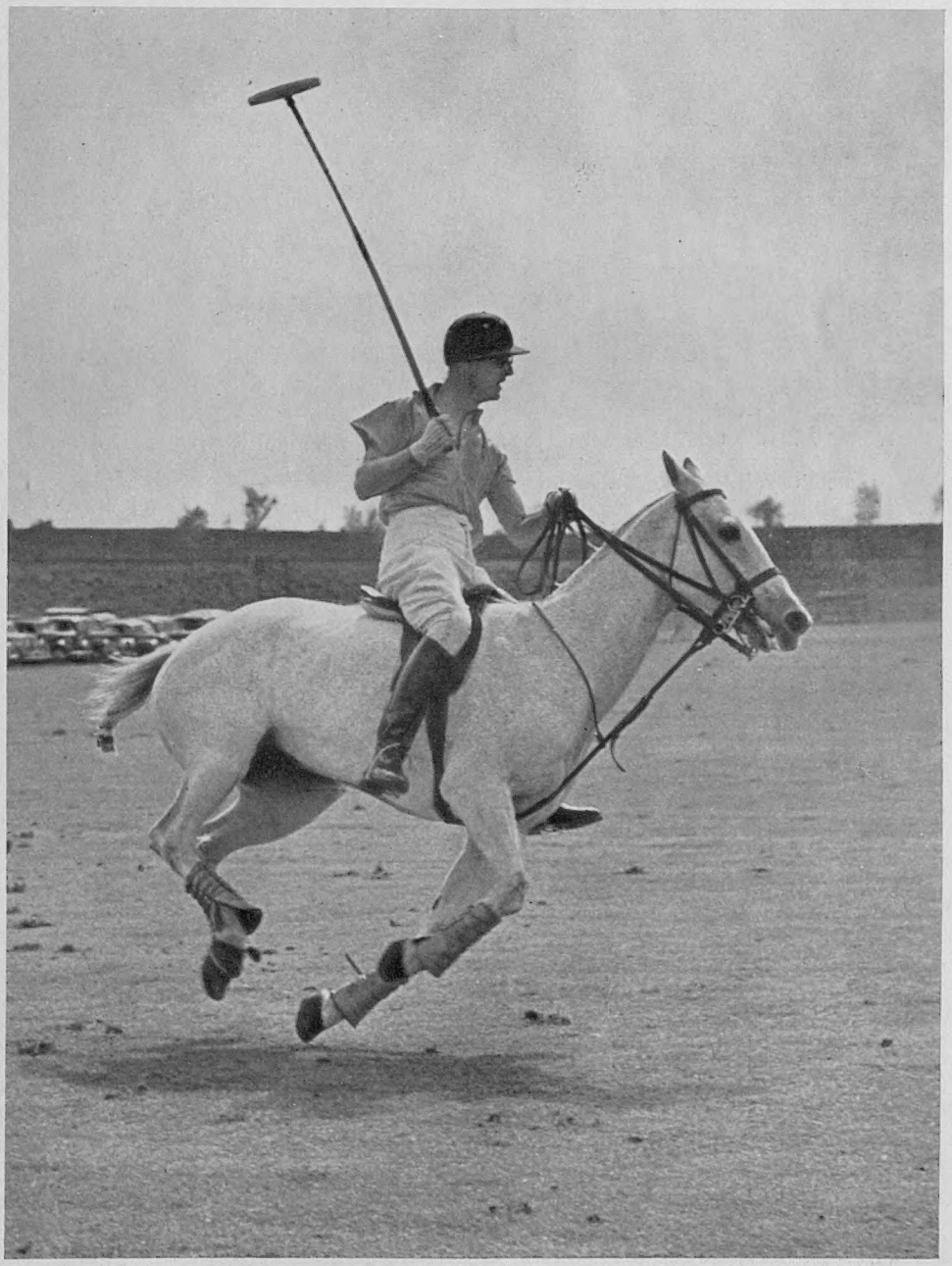


THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WEARING HIS ROBES AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES, ADDRESSING STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO SWANSEA : The Duke spoke of the great wealth of scientific and technological knowledge which is ready to be used in this country. "The forces for prosperity," he said, "are science, craftsmanship and labour—the know-how, the ability and the will to work. We know full well the advantages under which they can flourish individually, but it depends upon the skilled management of the generals of trade, the captains of industry, to use the forces and the weapons at their disposal to the best advantage and to destroy the fifth column of waste, muddle and inefficiency."

THE QUEEN EXAMINES A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF DURING HER VISIT TO THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR : It was an artist's proof of her portrait by Commander Denis Fildes. The original, which was presented to the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, normally hangs in the officers' mess at Dusseldorf and was brought to England recently to enable colour reproductions to be made. The Queen was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh during her tour of the Exhibition, which she spoke of as "a very fine display of British goods."

A ROYAL VISITOR AT THE GREAT MARGAM STEEL WORKS : Continuing his tour of South Wales the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Steel Company of Wales' new works at Margam, near Port Talbot, where he is seen chatting with some of the work's officials.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT MARGAM : Mr. E. H. Lever, Chairman of the Steel Company of Wales, presents the Duke with a Welsh Dragon on rolls of strip steel during his visit to the steel works.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PLAYS POLO : He was playing for the home team at Cowdray Park, Sussex, and helped them into the cup final. With a ½-goal handicap they beat Beechwood, captained by Mr. Billy Wallace, by 1½ goals to 1. Several times the Duke's play won bursts of applause from the spectators, and it was one of his passes which led to his team's goal. The final match, against Fernhurst, is to be played at Cowdray Park on May 18.

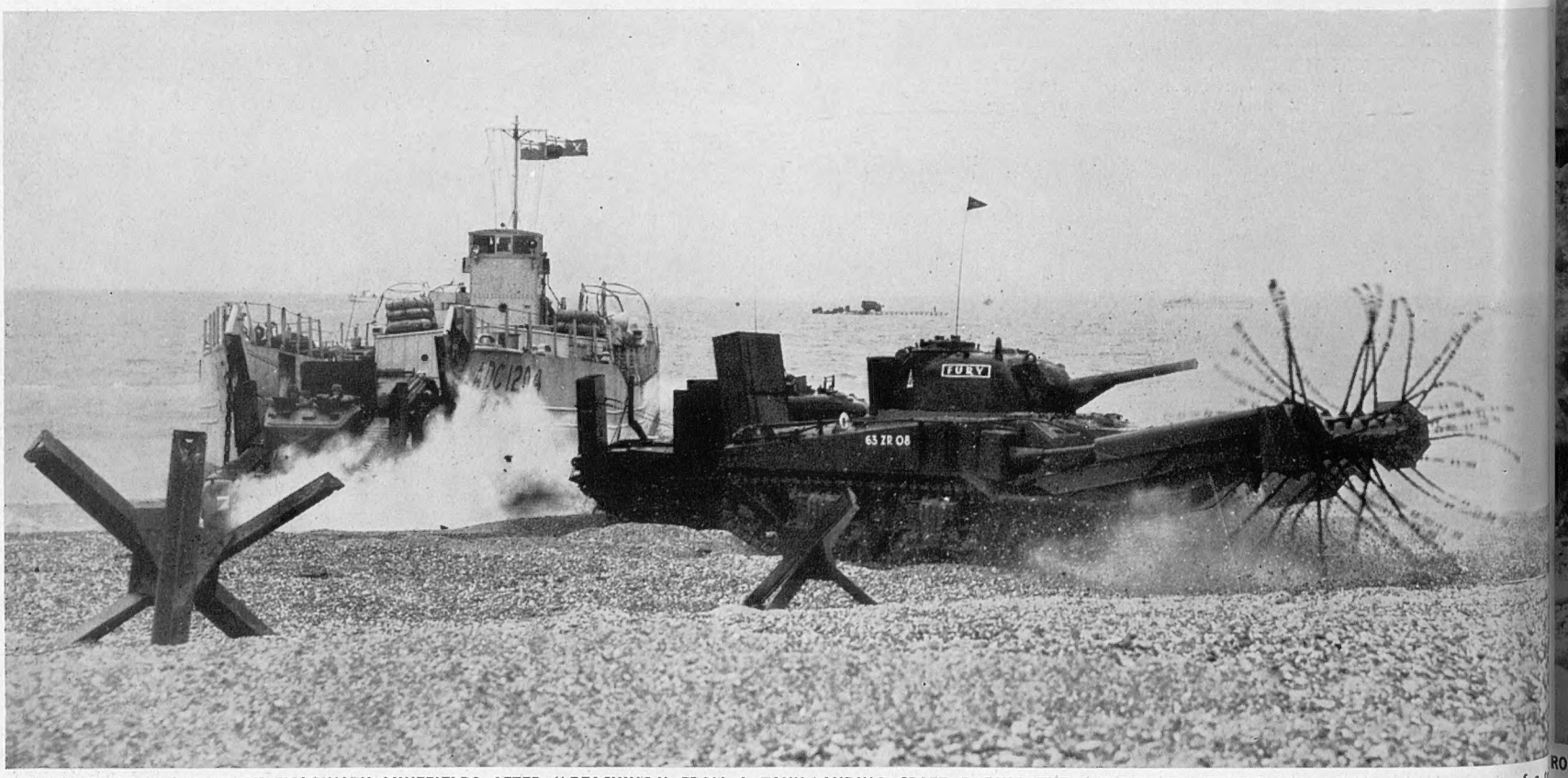
LANDING-CRAFT CARRYING COMMANDOS APPROACH THE BEACH AT EASTNEY, IN HAMPSHIRE, DURING THE BIGGEST AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT EXERCISES TO BE CARRIED OUT S THE WAR : From these landing-craft soldiers attacked the beaches, while a heavy covering fire, simulated by explosions fired by electricity, was put up. As the as craft neared the shore, R.A.F. Meteors and Naval Attackers took part in an air strike. The operations were watched by students of the three service staff colle

TROOPS LANDING ON THE BEACH AT EASTNEY DURING THE COMBINED AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT EXERCISES : More than 800 officers and men of the three services took part in the opening assault. Frogmen parachuted from a Hastings aircraft to fix demolition charges, and tank-landing craft brought ashore Centurion and Churchill tanks, manned by a troop of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars.

The three-day exercises arranged directed by the headquarters Portsmouth group, Royal Marines, w took place at the end of last week, were biggest amphibious and cliff assault dem strations since the war. Frogmen and mo the 1st Battalion, the Gloucestershire R ment, and of the 4th Queen's Own Hu were among the units taking part. T operations were watched by students o three service staff colleges. Lord Alexa the Minister of Defence, and Mr. J. P Thomas, the First Lord of the Admir were present on the second day.

On the first day the weather was favourable, with a stiff on-shore breeze sheets of icy rain. In spite of these ditions, a three-man team of frogmen p chuted into the sea from a Hastings airc They brought with them, in theory, a co sible boat, but because the weather wa bad the boat was actually waiting for t below. In it they rowed ashore and w on to fix their demolition charges, w went off after a lapse of time which could fact, have been anything up to twenty-four

Meanwhile a number of tank-lan craft were lying two or three miles offsh and these presently approached and bea their Centurion and Churchill tanks, as as a token force of specialised armour, includ a flail tank and a Crocodile flame-thro designed to breach inland fortifications minefields. Farther out to sea was a la Naval bombardment group.

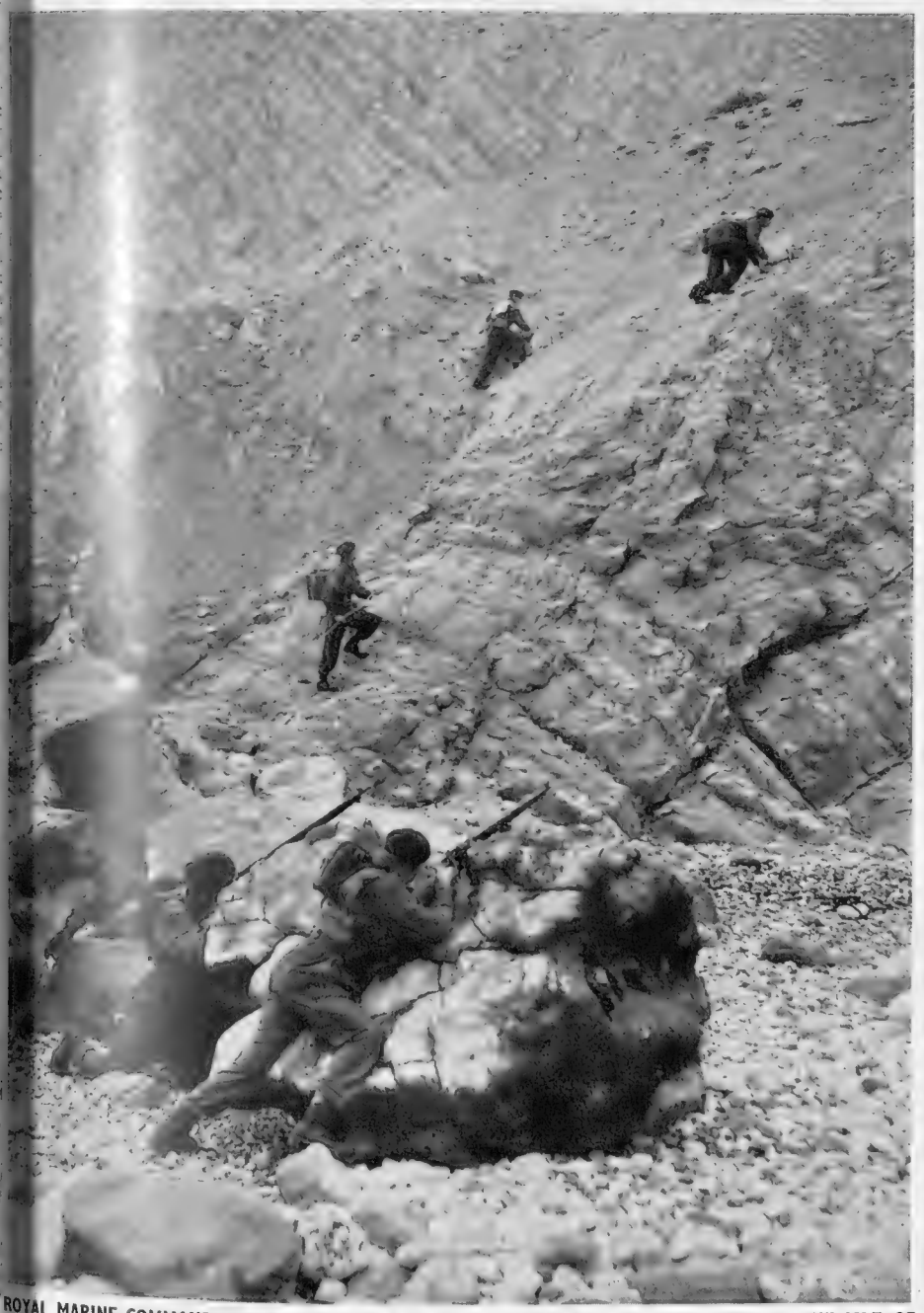


A FLAIL TANK AT WORK ON IMAGINARY MINEFIELDS AFTER "BEACHING" FROM A TANK-LANDING CRAFT DURING THE AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT : The flail tank was part of a t force of specialised armour and was joined by a Crocodile flame-thrower which overwhelmed an imaginary pillbox with sheets of livid flame. Forward compani the 1st Battalion, the Gloucestershire Regiment were landed almost simultaneously with the armoured units. They were followed by 25-pounder and 17-pounder anti-tank g

ASSAULT ON THE BEACHES

The Biggest Amphibious Assault Exercises to be Held Since the War Took Place Last Week

THE SECOND STAGE OF THE COMBINED AMPHIBIOUS EXERCISES—ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS FIRE ROCKETS, WITH LINES AND GRAPNELS ATTACHED, TO THE CLIFF TOPS: This was at the Isle of Wight, where the Commandos showed how an assault on the cliffs of an enemy's coast would be staged.



ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS USING ROPES AND ICE-PICKS TO SCALE CULVER CLIFF, ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT, DURING THE ASSAULT: The Commandos carry their ropes in baskets secured to their packs. Below them, in the foreground, two of their comrades cover their ascent with rifles.

AN IMPROVISED CABLE RAILWAY ESTABLISHED BY THE COMMANDOS DURING THEIR ASSAULT ON CULVER CLIFF: Two of the Commandos are being transported between the beach and the cliff-top. Methods of evacuating casualties and raising light weapons to the top were also demonstrated.

THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE AT SILVERSTONE, NORTHANTS: The cars passing the thronged stands in the main event on the programme, which was watched by a record crowd estimated at 125,000 people, who arrived in 20,000 cars and a vast fleet of motor coaches. Lance Macklin, aged thirty-two, a driver of great promise who had never before won a big race, drove an H.W.M. to victory, and he was followed home by A. P. R. Rolt in a car of the same make, both drivers averaging over 85 m.p.h. The meeting was indeed a triumph for young drivers of the post-war school, among them Stirling Moss, who recorded three notable victories during the afternoon. Moss left the course without receiving his prizes and dashed off to Brussels, where he narrowly escaped disaster in an eight-car crash in the second heat of the Brussels 500-cc. Grand Prix. Moss's car somersaulted, but he escaped with bruises. The race for the Production Sports Cars at Silverstone was chiefly remarkable for the astonishing speed of the Aston-Martin DB3 cars, which proved nearly as fast as the more powerful Jaguars.

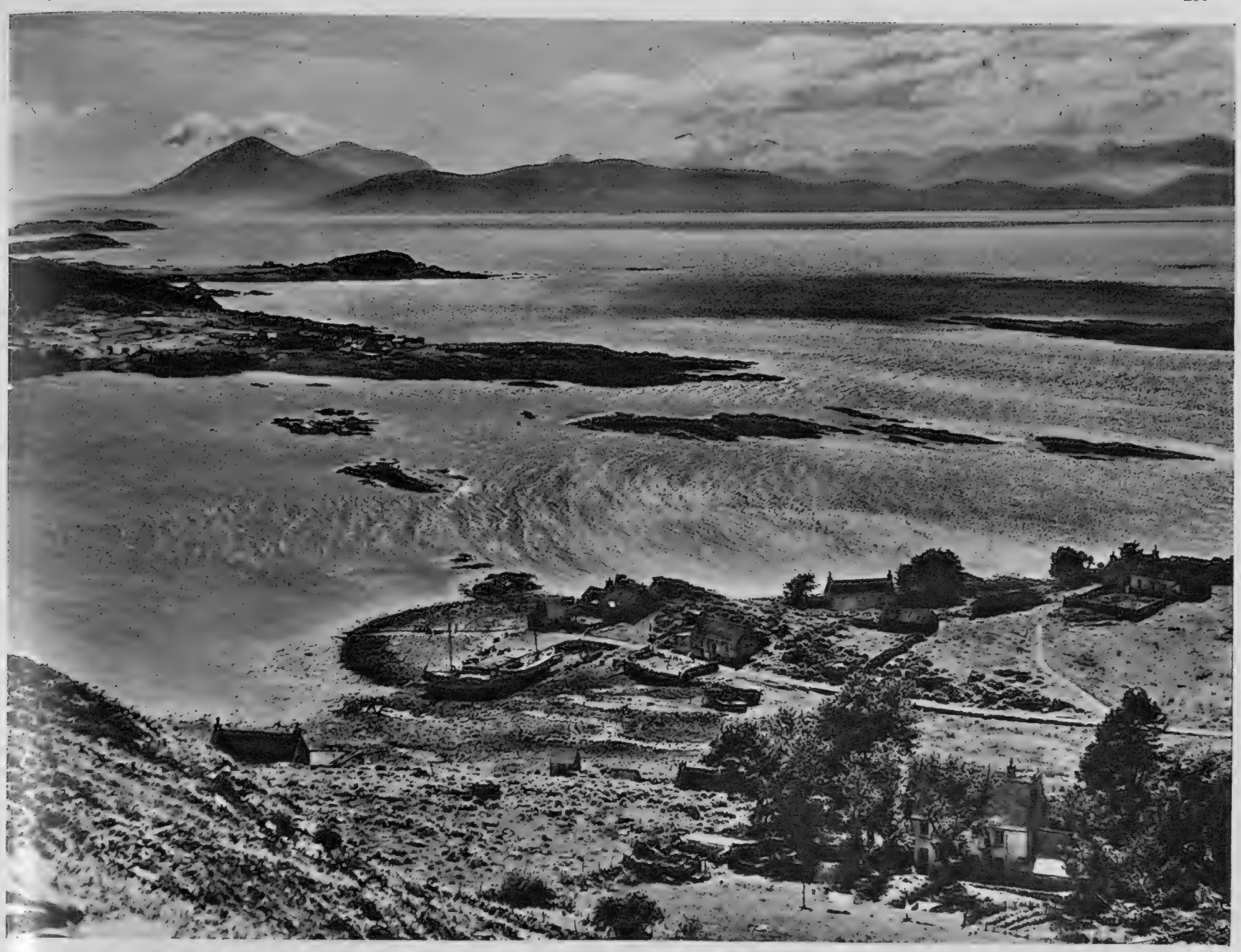
A GREAT DAY AT
SILVERSTONE

And a Vast Crowd at the International Trophy Race Meeting Organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club

GEOFFREY DUKE CORNERING AT SILVERSTONE IN A DB3 ASTON MARTIN: Duke, the champion racing motor-cyclist, has shown a great aptitude for motor-racing this season. When this picture was taken Duke was competing in the Production Sports Car Race.

HE DROVE WITH HIS BRAKES BINDING: Stirling Moss at the wheel of his Kieft, in which he gained only third place after holding the lead on the first twelve laps. It afterwards transpired that Moss's handbrake cable had in some way got caught up and had kept the brakes on.

LANCE MACKLIN IS FLAGGED IN WHEN WINNING THE INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE: Macklin and Rolt, both driving splendidly, dominated the field in this event, and they both received a great ovation from the crowd. Macklin's nose was cut by a stone in the final laps of the race, but he held on grimly to his narrow lead over Rolt.



THE "MISTY ISLE" VIEWED FROM THE MAINLAND AT CAMASTERACH, NEAR APPLECROSS: Looking across the Inner Sound and Crowlin Islands (on left), Scalpay is seen lying below the peaks of the Isle of Skye. Prominently (on left) are seen the Red Hills and (on right) the Coolins with clouds, dipping into the valley. In a message to those who will visit the island for the third annual "Skye Week," beginning on May 23, Mr. Iain R. Hilleary, chairman of the Skye Council of Social Service, has stated that the Council's twin objects are to obtain publicity for the tourist trade and to draw public attention to the problems of the island as a whole. The normal tourist season is too short, and the Council wish to draw as many visitors as possible to Skye when its beauty is probably unsurpassed and before the season has properly begun, and to attract other visitors whose holidays fall later in the year. The presence of specially invited distinguished guests provides an opportunity to draw attention in influential quarters to the many problems which surround those who have their home and make their living in Skye, where the population has dropped relentlessly from 23,082 in 1841 to 8,265 in 1951.

SKYE

THE "MISTY ISLE" WHICH FROM MAY 23 TO MAY 31 WILL BE HOLDING AN "AT HOME" TO PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Below—

THE AWE-INSPIRING BEAUTY OF LOCH CORUISK: The loch, famed as a tourist attraction, will have many visitors during Skye Week. Mists shroud the peaks of the Coolins lying in the background.

A COMMENTARY ON THE FOREIGN NEWS

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad With Notes

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE MAY DAY RIOTS IN TOKYO: Pro-Communist demonstrators stoning Japanese policemen. Police used tear-gas, guns and clubs to beat back the waves of rioters from the area round the Imperial Palace. On the day following, the Japanese Government took action, deciding to institute an investigation into these riots, which took two lives and caused injuries to hundreds in Tokyo and throughout Japan.

The Japanese at "Peace."—Japanese sovereignty went out with a bang in 1945 but hardly came back with a whimper in 1952. The May Day riots that swept Tokyo and Kyoto caused hundreds of casualties and much destruction of property. They came as a sharp shock after seven years of quiescence. "Now for another area of trouble!"

The rioting was provoked by Communists and North Koreans, who sought to incite the 400,000 multitude against foreigners and American-occupied buildings, yet poor police tactics nourished a suspicion that the Yoshida Administration was not averse to letting foreigners and the Japanese see what explosiveness simmered right underneath them (such knowledge might facilitate impending legislation).

If so, the ruse had the unfortunate effect, four days later, of reducing the celebrants of Independence Day in the same vast Plaza to a mere 15,000.

This official good-bye to the Occupation re-ushered the national anthem, "Kimigayo" ("The Age of the Emperors"), and was marked by a humbly-worded address from Emperor Hirohito, no longer the divine "Son of Heaven" but a frock-coated figure expressing the hope that Japan might not repeat her previous mistake but, embracing the tenets of democracy, keep faith with other nations.

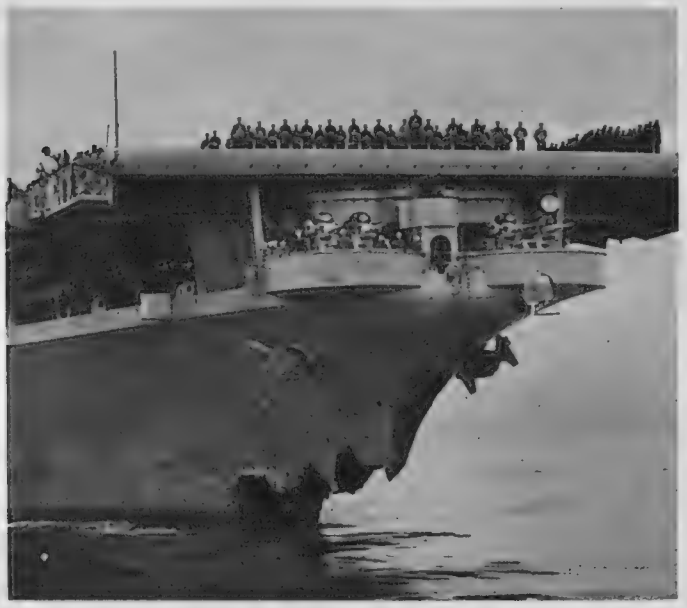
As it happened to be also the fifth anniversary of General MacArthur's precipitate gifts from the West—trade unionism, new standards of wages and hours, freedom of speech and assembly (from all "thought control"), new conditions for the farmers, free and secret elections, with women voting—Hirohito's pious summons heightened the spotlight on Japan.

Now that only a few American garrisons remain under long-term treaty, how will Japan really respond to all these novelties thrust upon her? The trade unions are the first to be heard from. They are already strike-fighting an anti-subversion Bill which is said to invade organised labour's rights.

This Bill may have nourished a thoughtful foreign view widely held on the spot, that we are about to witness a return to some of the old Japan, a recoil towards the old autocratic paternalism, with a revival of the zaibatsu, the big families controlling business and industry, and very powerful police forces.

By far the most advanced industrially in all Asia and the most pushing people alive, the Japanese are back at it. divers are the queries in their regard. Leading off with: What will they do about China?

AMERICAN CARS ABLAZE IN HIBIYA PARK IN DOWNTOWN TOKYO: The cars, which are shrouded by smoke, belonged to officers of U.S. Far East Command headquarters. After they had been set alight the Communists stoned the headquarters of the Command.



THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "WASP" LIMPS HOME FROM MID-ATLANTIC: The damaged carrier seen in Gravesend Bay, New York, at the end of her tragic voyage. In mid-Atlantic she had collided with the destroyer-minesweeper *Hobson*, and 176 people lost their lives. The *Wasp* was commissioned in 1943 and first saw active service in the raid on the Japanese-held Marcus and Wake Islands.

THE RIPPED BOWS OF THE "WASP": This picture evidences the enormous extent of the damage to the American carrier's bows. The vessel's elaborate system of watertight compartments enabled her to remain afloat without difficulty. On board the *Wasp* were sixty-one survivors from the *Hobson*.

A Tragedy at Sea.—When a warship and most of her crew become casualties during hostilities, the censorship (to say nothing of the state of the public mind) demands that a minimum of attention be focused on the loss. When the same thing happens in peace-time, the tragedy is emblazoned across banner headlines.

It is customary for replacements to sail from Norfolk Roads every three months to take over from ships of the 12th U.S. fleet serving in the Mediterranean. The relieving vessels cross in clusters and hold manœuvres on the way. The 27,000-ton aircraft-carrier *Wasp* was the centre of such exercises when, 725 miles north-west of the Azores, of a foul morning (1.30 a.m.), she turned into the wind—and cut one of her escorts in two.

The destroyer-minesweeper *Hobson* (1,630 tons) was on the look-out for any pilots who might miss the *Wasp's* flight-deck. Why was she almost underneath the *Wasp's* great bow? A naval court will determine. Both vessels had had notable war records.

The *Hobson* was gone in four minutes. Despite instant measures, the *Wasp* could save only sixty-one. Many of the 176 to perish were caught below-deck. Many were at sea for the first time. Such as managed to strike out were covered with black oil leaking from the *Wasp*, which, furthermore, could not linger stationary for long, or her aircraft still aloft might be casualties, too.

The carrier had a hazardous journey back to New York. With a 70-ft. section of her bow torn away, she had to fight for nine days through heavy weather, sometimes stern first against 30-ft. waves. She was often out of control and at one stage swung right round in a circle. Her 2,500 complement and the sixty-one survivors of the *Hobson* will not easily forget their return to America.

The *Wasp* is the second carrier to bear that name. Her predecessor was sunk by a Japanese torpedo in the early days of the war. The destroyer-minesweeper *Hobson* took part in the Allied landings in Normandy and Southern France. Commissioned at the Charleston, S.C., Naval Yard in January 1942, she also participated in anti-submarine patrols in the Atlantic, in the landings in North Africa and in a carrier strike at Bodo, Norway.

While operating as a destroyer the *Hobson* won the Presidential unit citation for sinking a German submarine and for other outstanding actions in the Atlantic. After being converted to a fast destroyer-minesweeper at Charleston in late 1944, the *Hobson* moved to the Pacific, where she participated in the American landings on Okinawa.

On right—

Britons in Chains.—The spectacle of British seamen in chains after seven weeks' detention following a heavy street brawl in which some said they had no part, is not one to soothe the native breast. Yet these are times when lan victors are apt to develop "we are the master now" tendencies in foreign parts, and whatever was the conduct of the liner *Britannic's* thirteen it is as well to know that such bearing is no longer tolerated.

There was certainly some outburst this night in Naples: a hotel and two taxicabs damaged, five policemen injured. The accused could have got a maximum of ten years imprisonment for aggravated violence, damage to property and resisting arrest. They got six months, with an immediate suspension and a fine of £2 12s. 6d. The National Union of Seamen is investigating.

GIOVANNI BRACCO DRIVING TO VICTORY IN THE MILLE MIGLIA: The Italian Ferrari cornering at speed in the town of Vicenza during the recent 1,000-mile race over the Italian roads. Karl Kling, of Germany, in a Mercédès Benz, was second.

A DUEL IN THE STREETS OF VICENZA: Stirling Moss, in his Jaguar, is seen in background about to overtake Barteschi in the Mille Miglia as they went through the town at speed. Stirling Moss put up a fine performance, and had almost snatched third place when seventy miles from home his Jaguar caught fire and he had to withdraw.

The Mille Miglia.—The Germans are back in international road-racing. The car? What other but the Mercédès? The same that bore Jenatzy to victory in Ireland in 1904, and thereafter down to 1939 was seldom unplaced.

The German team prepared with all the thoroughness of yore. For the gruelling Mille Miglia (1,000 miles) round Italy race, Europe's premier road event, drivers Kling and Caracciola and their crews spent two months in tuning-up at Milan and making tours of the course. By contrast, the British entries couldn't get enough from the Treasury to enable them to have full practice runs.

The course is risky enough in fine weather, with cars tearing at 80 m.p.h. round ancient street corners, down mountain corkscrews, and slithering all-out on drenched autostrada. The weather is savage more often than not, and the nineteenth Mille Miglia was run in such a downpour that drivers had to switch on their headlights in what should have been broad daylight.

About 550 entrants shot away from Brescia at minute intervals, but the majority were to fall out long before Brescia was reached again. Verona, Padua, Ravenna, down the Adriatic coast to Pescara, westwards across the mountains to Rome, north through Siena, Florence, Bologna and Piacenza to the winning-post. The monstrous din set up is an insult to such names as these. But modern Italians love it.

A thirty-two-year-old textile manufacturer named Bracco won the race, driving a 2.6-litre Ferrari saloon; speed, 79 m.p.h.; time, 12 hrs. 9 mins. Bracco was second last year and fourth the year before, but he had to put in a terrific final burst of 93 m.p.h. over the last thirty miles in order to shake off the German, Kling. Kling finished second in his "Merc," 4½ minutes behind. Then came Fagioli in a Lancia Aurelia, and a second Mercédès in fourth place.

The nearest Briton, L. Johnson, in a Healey, ran seventh. The great young hope, Stirling Moss, had the fastest car (the XK Jaguar C type), and had drawn to the fore some 70 miles from the finish, when his brakes were burnt out.

AMERICA'S RIVAL TO THE "QUEENS": The S.S. *United States* seen in the fitting-out basin at Newport News, Virginia, when nearing completion. Her maiden voyage to Havre and Southampton is due to start on July 3.

The "Battle" for the Blue Riband.—Americans are hoping to win the mythical Blue Riband for the Atlantic crossing with the new liner *United States*, which sails for Havre and Southampton on July 3. They've never won it yet and though the temptation to try on the maiden run will be great, there was once a liner called the *Titanic* . . .

The *United States* hopes to nose past the *Queen Mary's* sixteen-year-old 31-knot mark by a combination of engine-power, far less tonnage (51,000), thinness of hull making for lightness, and general slimness for cleaving through the water.

The American contender is 990 ft. long, 175 ft. from keel to funnel (the height of a twelve-storey building) and 100 ft. wide. I hope she proves more comfortable for her passengers than the slim *Paris* used to be. Her rollings hardened sailors could manage, though not her jazz-decorated salons at the same time.

The *Paris* had a torrid career in the '20's. Better luck to the *United States* than the former slim one had. She was burnt out in port.

BRITISH SAILORS IN CHAINS: These are some of the thirteen British merchant sailors who were summoned to the Hall of Justice in Naples to answer charges of drunkenness, assault, destroying property and resisting arrest. Their over-boisterous celebrations in Naples took place during shore leave from the liner *Britannic*. All the men received suspended sentences.

LIQUIDATION OF THE BERGHOF: Blowing up the remains of Hitler's home in the Bavarian Alps. The work was well advanced last autumn, but was interrupted during the winter.

The End of Hitler's Retreat.—Hitler first fell in love with the Obersalz, as a nobody of 1920. On his release from Landsberg in 1924 he went en pension to the Plattenhof on a lower slope. Supporters paid the bills while he completed *Mein Kampf*. Day by day he tramped the mountainside, thinking things out, now with Hess, now with some other, never alone. Each succeeding composition had first to be talked out loud.

On one such outing Hitler decided to build his favourite retreat on this mountainside when his day should come.

While his star gradually rose, he qualified from the rough Pension to the Haus Wachenfeld, an unpretentious villa sunk deep in a woody hillside. From down at Berchtesgaden, in 1935, I joined with thousands of Germans in looking up at it through a telescope. One saw little beyond a roof—*but the Führer was there!*

Soon after, the architect in Hitler started transforming things into the massive, oblong Berghof (Mountain Court), and there for seven years was shot out in staccato monologue the ingredients of European conquest. To the Berghof the great man summoned his cronies, his soldiers and other helots. World celebrities called there too, kings and princes, a Lloyd George, a Neville Chamberlain.

Stepping over the ruin in July 1945, I well understood why Hitler's favourite perch had been by the huge, one-pane window looking out across the valley. The view was one of the most superb in Europe; one could, on a clear day, see twenty miles across glorious mountain scenery almost to Salzburg.

If the Berghof has now finally dissolved in smoke, the Eagle's Nest, 3,000 ft. higher, on the 6,000-ft. Kehlstein, is to live on as a youth hostel tea-place, which seems to be rather tempting Providence, so susceptible can modern youth be to its surroundings, or so we are told.

I went up in Hitler's black marble lift, with settees, 400 ft. up, right inside the mountain, while his liftman, Myer, related how neglectful his master had been in the last year.

THE PEOPLE PARADE IN THEIR TENS OF THOUSANDS THROUGH THE RED SQUARE : After the usual military march-past on May Day came the great procession of the workers carrying banners and also portraits of Lenin and Stalin. They were a gay and, on the whole, well-dressed throng, and there are indications that the people of the Russian capital are beginning to enjoy a higher standard of living six years after the end of the war.

THE MAY DAY PROCESSIONS PASSING THE TOMB OF LENIN, ON THE BALCONY OF WHICH STOOD STALIN AND HIS FELLOW-LEADERS : In the background are the Kremlin's battlemented walls and medieval turrets, which in the past two years have undergone "a face lift," the first major repairs for eighty years. All nineteen towers, including the Spasskaya, Senatskaya and Troitskaya, especially distinguished by their beauty, have now assumed their former fine appearance. In the very costly work of restoration more than 100,000 coloured glass tiles have been used.

A Glimpse Behind Europe's Iron Curtain

The May Day Marchers on the Red Squa Give an Indication of Everyday Life in Mosco at the Present Time

THE MARCH OF THE RED ARMY : Infantrymen swing past in magnificent precision in the annual Re Square parade, at which Generalissimo Stalin too the salute in company with the other leade

YOUNG MUSCOVITES ON PARADE : These youths were amon the tens of thousands who filed through the Re Square. Their appearance of well-being and gene sturdiness was most marked. The people appe to be better dressed than a few years ag

THE LEADERS OF MODERN RUSSIA TAKE THE SALUTE BEFORE LENIN'S TOMB DURING THE GREAT MILITARY AND CIVILIAN PARADE ON MAY DAY ON MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE: Generalissimo Stalin, Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R., is seen in the centre of the group with his military and civilian leaders, including the all-powerful Politburo. From left to right are: General P. F. Zhigarev; General S. M. Shtemenko; Marshal of the Soviet Union S. M. Budenny; Marshal V. D. Sokolovsky; Vice-Admiral N. G. Kuznetsov, Navy Minister; Marshal A. M. Vassilevski, War Minister; Marshal K. E. Voroshilov, a Politburo member; Marshal N. A. Bulganin, a Politburo member; Marshal L. A. Govorov, receiving the parade; Marshal Stalin. Then follow Politburo members (left to right): G. M. Malenkov; L. P. Beria; V. M. Molotov; A. I. Mikoyan; L. M. Kaganovich; A. A. Andreev; N. S. Khrushchev; N. M. Shevernik; A. N. Kosygin; and candidates to the Poliburo and Party Secretaries M. A. Suslov and P. K. Ponomarenko; and on the extreme right is M. F. Shkiriatov, head of the Party Control Committee.

So few pictures emerge from modern Russia, not only in relation to personalities but in relation to the life of the people generally, that the annual review on Red Square, with its gathering of the great on the reviewing stand before Lenin's tomb and its march-past of civilian multitudes in the wake of the Red Army, sheds a revealing light on life behind the Iron Curtain. It is for this reason in particular that THE SPHERE reproduces these pictures. This year's parade, the usual mixture of military might and civilian demonstrations, showed that the Russian hierarchy remains much the same. Voroshilov, that military elder statesman like Stalin the only survivor from high office in Lenin's regime, was still in place not far from his chief's right hand, while on Stalin's left hand was Malenkov, the Communist Party manager and now quite one of the most powerful figures in the Kremlin. The figure beside that of Georgi Malenkov was that of Lavrenti Beria, boss of the Secret Police. The combination of Malenkov and Beria, it is held, could be all-dominant in the event of Stalin's death. Also specially prominent on the parade was Marshal Govorov, who took the salute He charged the American and English "aggressors" with pursuing an arms race and seeking to revive the imperialism of Germany in the west and Japan in the east. These annual denunciations of the Imperialist warmongers only differ in respect of who is charged with the task of delivering them. The choice of Marshal Govorov this year is held to be significant, for the dandified defender of Leningrad is enjoying an increasing eminence.

While Marshal Govorov was speaking largely for the benefit of the Western World, Mr. Attlee, in a May Day broadcast to "Peoples beyond the Iron Curtain," which was put out over the European network, said that because of their lack of toleration, we in the west regarded Russian Communists not as leaders in the advance of civilisation, but as belonging to a past era which we were glad to have left behind."

A CAREFREE DAY FOR THE MOSCOW MULTITUDES: A cheerful group marching past in the May Day Parade, in which an estimated 2,000,000 civilians filed by with floats and banners depicting Russia's economic progress. The parade differs little from year to year, save for the fact that the marchers grow in numbers.

DEBUTANTES OF 1952

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL, A PRELUDE TO THE LONDON SOCIAL SEASON

THE PARADE OF THE DEBUTANTES OF 1952 AT QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE : Altogether 250 debutantes in white dresses took part in this twenty-fifth annual ball, and thus embarked upon the exhausting marathon known as the London Season. At eleven o'clock the band struck up Queen Charlotte's favourite tune—Handel's "March from Judas Maccabeas"—and the debutantes lined up on the balcony. Then, forming fours, they marched down into the Great Hall to stand in front of Queen Charlotte's Cake, which was in due course cut with accustomed ceremony by the Countess of Roxburghe.

THE DEBUTANTES AND THEIR PARTNERS IN THE BALLROOM AT GROSVENOR HOUSE : The Birthday Ball was the usual spectacle of elegance and flawless grooming, not to mention gaiety of a restrained character.

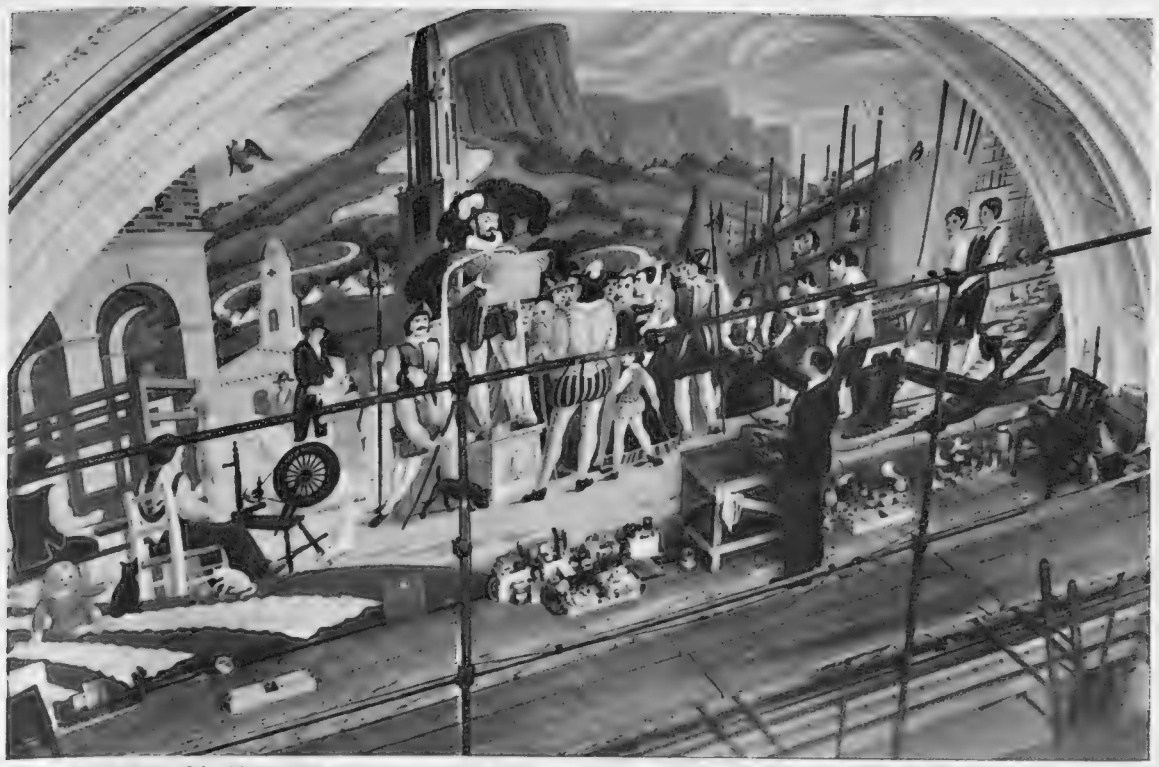
THE ANNUAL CEREMONIAL OF THE BIRTHDAY CAKE : *Left*—The debutantes, having marched into the Great Hall, line up before the cake. *Right*—The debutantes filing past the cake with its 208 candles. When the Duchess of Roxburghe had cut the cake after its 208 electric candles had been extinguished, each debutante excitedly bore a piece back to her table to share among her fellow guests.

THE DEBUTANTES CURTSEY AS THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE PREPARES TO CUT THE MASSIVE CAKE : With the Debutantes Birthday Ball, London's socially-conscious young ladies see the start of the London Season, with, stretching before them, the inviting vista of Ascot, Wimbledon, Henley, the Royal Garden Parties and a host of other events. "Astonishingly pretty and disarmingly young" was one comment upon the debutantes at the ball. The evening cost them £2 17s. 6d. per head.

ART

WITHIN FOUR WALLS AND OUT IN THE OPEN AIR

A New Mural for Belfast City Hall; the Annual Display of Paintings at the Victoria Embankment Gardens; and the Sir Max Beerbohm Exhibition



A MAJOR WORK IN CONNECTION WITH THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN—A NEW MURAL FOR BELFAST CITY HALL: John Luke, the well-known Ulster artist, at work on his mural representing the civic and industrial life of Belfast, which has been presented to the Belfast Corporation by the Festival of Britain 1951 Committee for Northern Ireland. It was commissioned by the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts (Northern Ireland). The mural has been painted upon a semi-circular space with a base line of 30 ft. under the dome of the City Hall, and the artist was engaged upon the work almost continuously for a period of about eighteen months. At the presentation ceremony on May 5, at which the Right Hon. Dame Dehra Parker, M.P., President of C.E.M.A. (Northern Ireland), presided, the mural was handed over to the safekeeping of the Belfast Corporation by Dr. Eric Ashby, Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, Belfast. It was received on behalf of the Belfast Corporation by Councillor J. H. Norritt, Lord Mayor of Belfast.

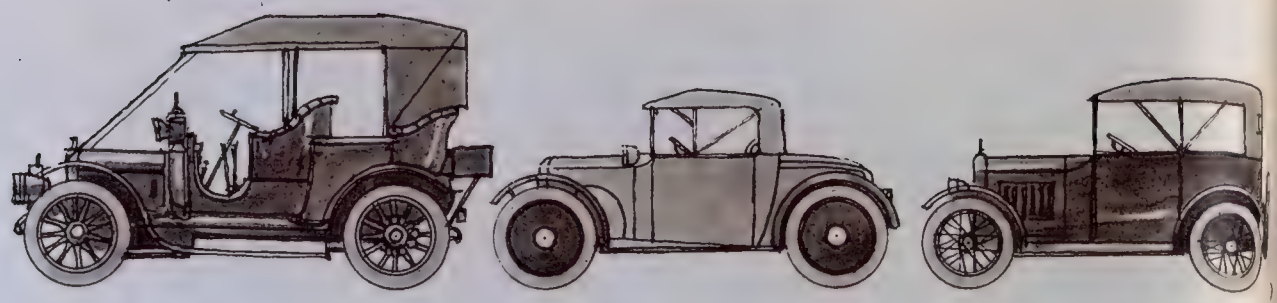
"THOMAS HARDY COMPOSING A LYRIC (1913)": This is one of the caricature drawings exhibited at the Leicester Galleries to commemorate the eightieth birthday, on August 24, of Sir Max Beerbohm. There are 150 drawings in the exhibition, entitled "Max In Retrospect," and many are offered for an average of £50 each. Although many of the drawings depict eminent Victorians and elegant Edwardians drawn by Max fifty-odd years ago, there are two drawings dated 1949. Alphabetically the subjects represented in the exhibition range from Arthur Balfour to W. B. Yeats. This drawing of Thomas Hardy has been loaned by Mr. Henry Tozer.

LONDON'S OPEN-AIR ART DISPLAY—THE INAUGURATION DAY OF THE FIFTH EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AT VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS: The exhibition, organised by the L.C.C., and which closes to-day (Saturday), is held to help artists who cannot normally afford to exhibit their work to earn their living. All the paintings on show are for sale. The prices range from 10s. up to £45. Most of the positions at the exhibition were allotted by a daily ballot, but a few spaces were left clear for first-comers on each new day. This arrangement was made during the "Academy" of 1950.

PAINTED BY MAX BEERBOHM IN 1926: "Mr. Whistler Giving Evidence in the Case of Pennell *v.* *The Saturday Evening Review* and Another." It has been loaned by the City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham.

WAITING FOR THE BUYERS AT THE OPEN-AIR "ACADEMY": *Left*—Ann May, aged nineteen, of London, waits patiently alongside her pictures on the first day of the show. With a friend, Ann made a six-month tour of Europe to paint her pictures. During their time in the South of France the two girls worked on the land. *Right*—Anne Weaver is assisted in hanging her pictures on site No. 13.

"MR. ARTHUR WING PINERO": Arthur Pinero, who was knighted in 1909, was the author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.*



1900—VAUXHALL 1921—ROVER 8 1925—AUSTIN 7

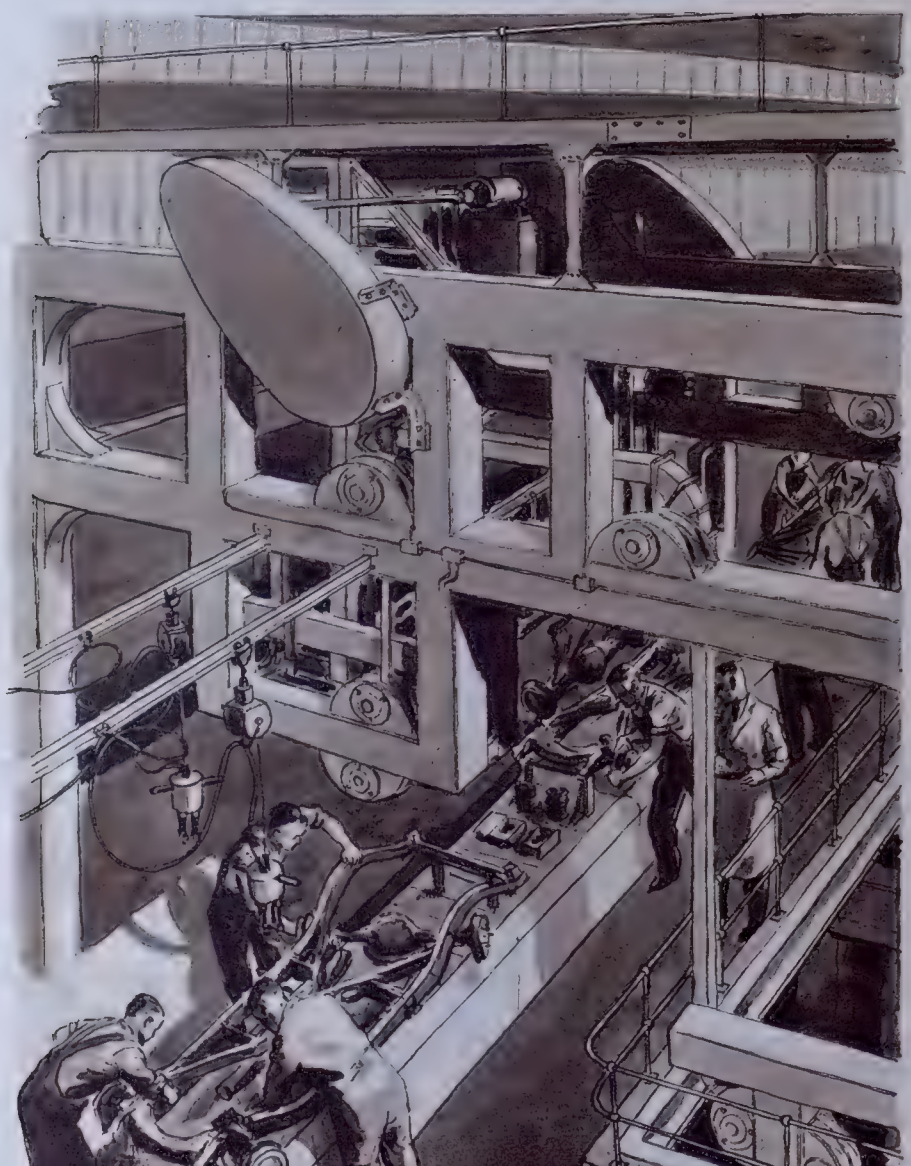
SUPPLYING A CAR-HUNGRY WORLD

SOME ASPECTS OF A GREAT BRITISH INDUSTRY WHICH IS MEETING INTERNATIONAL DEMANDS, BUT CANNOT AT PRESENT SATISFY THE NEEDS OF OUR OWN PEOPLE

By
"THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

With Special Drawings by
D. E. WALDUCK and GORDON NICOLL

IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE AUSTIN WORKS AT LONGBRIDGE: Unit sets comprising nuts, bolts, oil pipes, springs, etc., are placed in containers upon the assembly track. All handling of major assemblies is carried out automatically and it is the task of the operatives to bolt the parts into position. In the unit sets all the materials they require come immediately to hand.



THE START OF THE SEQUENCE OF OPERATIONS IN THE AUSTIN ASSEMBLY HALL AT LONGBRIDGE: Here is part of the assembly track in the early stages of the work. The men are fitting the front suspension assembly which has been delivered by the same elevator as the rear axle, which is about to be secured to the frame. The assembly tracks extend the whole length of the Austin building, a distance of some 250 yards.

This special SPHERE *feature is not intended to be a survey of the British motor industry to-day. Such a survey would demand many more pages, and would certainly make mention of many more great concerns which are playing their part in the development of the industry—in fact, in supplying the needs of a car-hungry world. What* THE SPHERE *Motoring Correspondent has sought to do is to reveal some of the more remarkable aspects of the industry which, switching at speed from wartime production to peacetime production, has played a notable part in Britain's export drive. These are now critical times in the industry, for there is a serious steel shortage and overseas demand is beginning to shrink on account of import restrictions. Meanwhile, on the home market no fewer than 1,500,000 cars are due for replacement in the next two or three years, and it would appear that not more than 150,000 cars are certain to come on to that market in that period. Our correspondent surveys these varied problems, while in a series of special drawings, D. E. Walduck, who visited the Longbridge works to show the Austin production line in action, gives pictorial evidence of the remarkable efficiency of British production methods. Longbridge is one of the most modern plants of its kind in the world, giving place neither to Toledo, to Willow Run, nor to any other of the production centres where American methods have been brought to near perfection. Britain can be proud of this great industry of hers and confident indeed that it will tackle successfully the problems now besetting it.*

MOTORISTS who have been waiting years for a new car and still see little real hope of getting it in the near future can be excused for not getting very excited about the production and export achievements of Britain's motor industry.

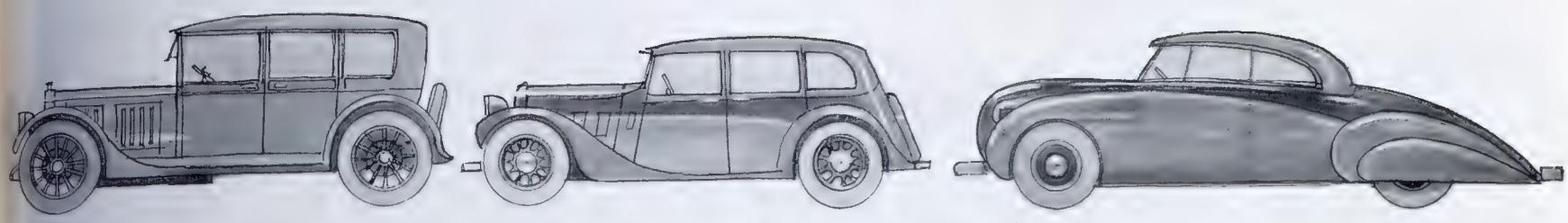
They get a real thrill, of course, from reading about the success of British cars against the stiffest foreign opposition in international contests like the Monte Carlo Rally and the twenty-four-hour road race at Le Mans. But when they are told that in 1951 Britain built about 475,000 cars and 250,000 commercial vehicles and that the total value of the industry's exports, including tractors, was more than £317,000,000 they are apt to reply: "Yes, but I've been waiting for my new car for four years. If we must have statistics, the figure I'm mainly concerned with is the total of 1,000,000 unfulfilled home market orders on the books of Britain's car distributors."

It is perhaps natural to take this narrow personal view of the subject. But if you questioned any of these long-suffering British motorists at all closely they would yield to none in their admiration of the motor industry's achievements in the six full years that have elapsed since the war.

The way in which Britain's car manufacturers switched from war production to the building of modernly designed cars in vast quantities to meet the urgent needs of a car-starved world will go down in industrial history as one of the finest examples of commercial enterprise of all time. There was an enormous export vacuum waiting to be dealt with and Britain did more than any other country to fill it. Obeying the Government's ruthless but understandable injunction that exports must come first, the industry opened the floodgates of production and channelled the flow to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, the United States, India, Switzerland, Belgium and a dozen other markets. All that remained for the car-hungry Briton was a mere trickle which has been thinning out all the time and—with only 60,000 allocated for 1952—shows signs of drying up altogether.

Yet we must be fair. If *you* were asked how many new cars had been released to the home market since 1946 I wonder how far you would be from the true answer. Would it surprise you to know that according to a recent statement by the British Motor Trade Association the total is 750,000—three-quarters of a million?

That is by the way. We're really talking about exports at the moment and a question that is in everyone's mind is: "Will the export markets last



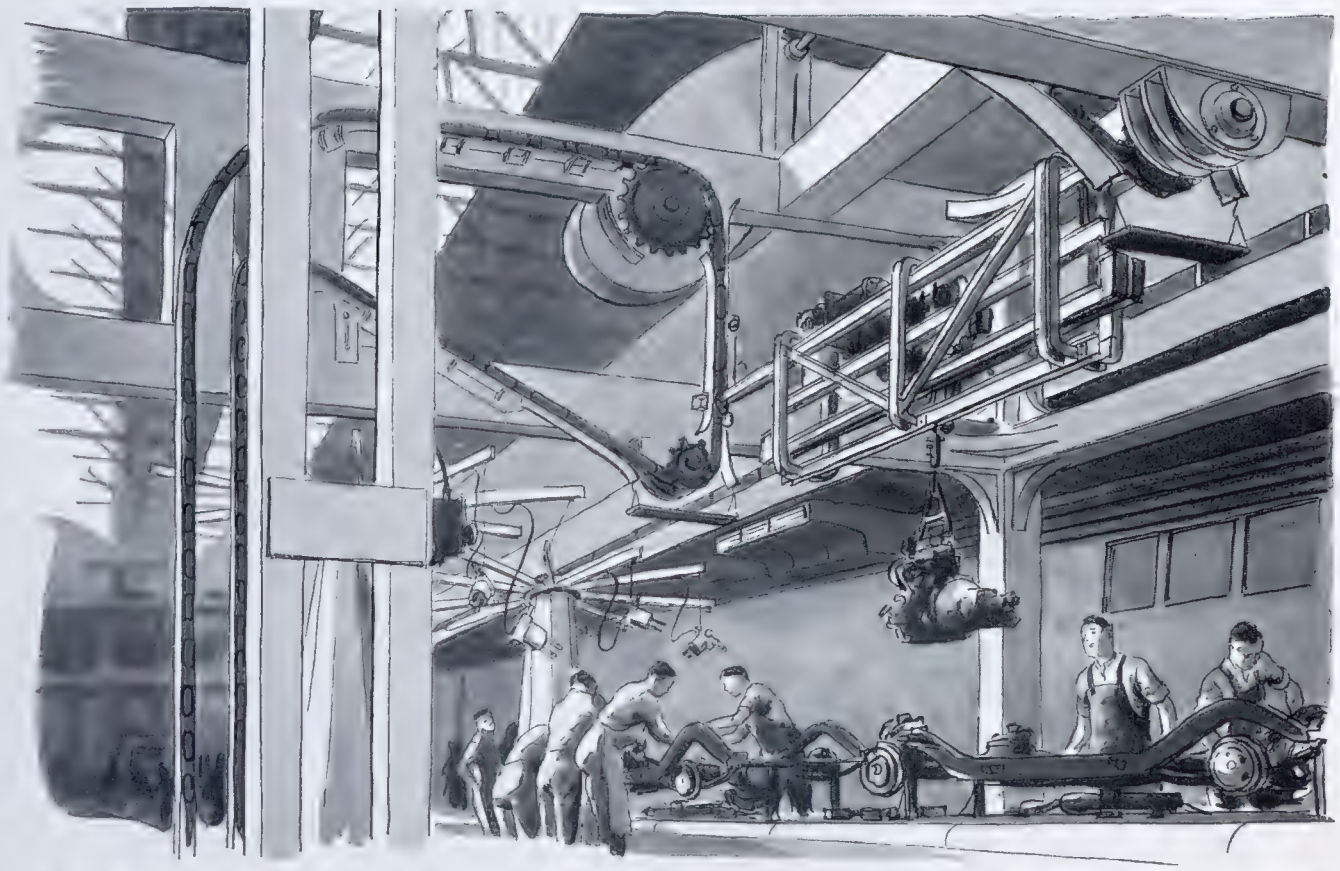
1929—WOLSELEY 1937—AUSTIN 1952—JAGUAR

When will saturation-point be reached? Is there likely to be a sudden collapse of our markets overseas?" For a couple of years now there have been signs that the whole fabric of our export trade in cars might crack and crumble, and grim warnings of impending doom have been heard—to the delight of the home motorist, who figured that if the industry could not sell its cars abroad they must come on to the home market.

But so far the prophets of woe have been confounded, despite rising costs, shortages of materials, shipping problems, and growing competition from France, Germany and Italy. As recently as November last, the industry achieved an all-time record in both the number and value of cars and commercial vehicles shipped overseas. It sent abroad in that month 37,837 cars worth £13,128,131 and 14,298 commercial vehicles worth £7,425,980.

The two big problems that confront the industry to-day in its efforts to maintain its export trade are the cuts in the supply of steel and other vital materials; and the anti-inflation measures that have been imposed in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, who are among our best customers. No wonder three of the industry's Big Six—Lord Nuffield, Mr. Leonard Lord and Sir John Black—have gone to Australia to see for themselves what can be done to maintain their sales in those important markets.

We had a lot to learn when we first shipped cars overseas in large numbers after the war. Too little attention was paid by our designers to the conditions under which most of their overseas customers have to do their motoring. They forgot the dust and the heat, the cold and the torrential rain. They seem to have overlooked the fact that their cars would have to be driven over roads of the most rudimentary nature, with miles and miles of those strange "wash-board" corrugations that play havoc with a car's suspension; roads scored by ruts or infested with pot-holes; roads that are either covered by dust or hidden under inches of slimy mud

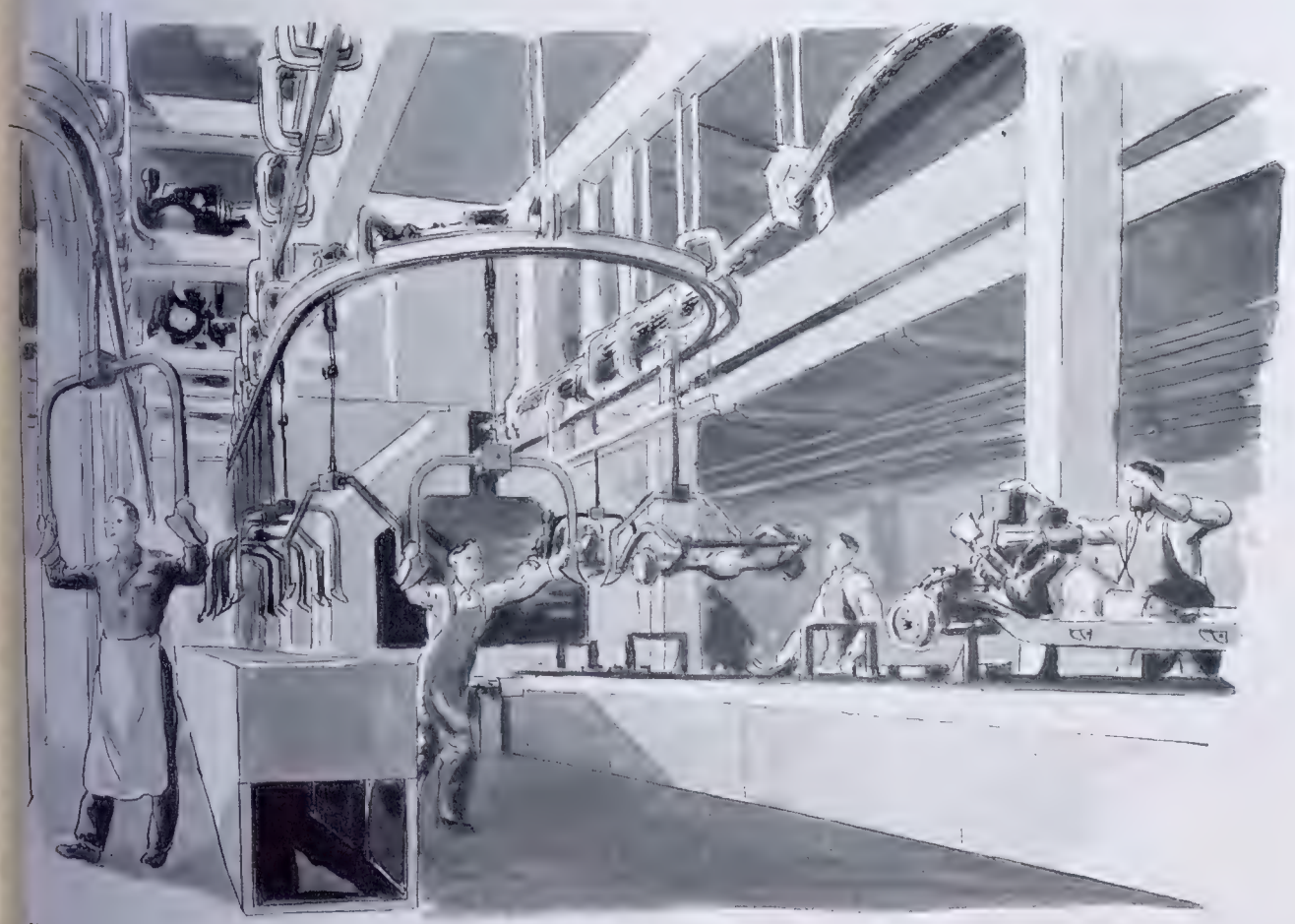


AN ENGINE IS LOWERED AUTOMATICALLY INTO A CHASSIS FRAME: Rear axle and front suspension have already been fitted. Engines, axles and complete bodies are brought to the Austin Assembly Hall by way of a 100-ft. tunnel connecting with another part of the Austin factory, where the major assemblies are produced. These major assemblies, after passing through the tunnel, then wait their turn to be brought into the assembly line, being hoisted through the main floor and lowered on to the tracks.

Our drawing office staffs still have no right to feel smug and complacent, but they have done wonders in adapting British cars—designed originally for England's kindly climate and narrow, winding, well-surfaced roads—for the much more rigorous conditions overseas. And some of our manufacturers have the courage of their convictions, as, for example, the Austin Motor Co. in taking a party of British journalists to Canada last year and letting them drive a convoy of Austin A 40 saloons 1,000 miles through the Rockies. I was one of them, and I can personally testify to the excellent manner in which those cars behaved. The only trouble was dust.

It would not be right if we closed our eyes to the fact that much of our success in the export market has been due to the absence of American competition, both through lack of dollars in the countries who have been traditional purchasers of the big, high-powered, softly-sprung cars from Detroit and the fact that after the war the U.S. car firms were preoccupied in building new sedans to satisfy a fantastic home demand.

Britain's smaller cars have a quality of finish and an economy of operation which have made them extremely popular even in the hands of people who were frankly sceptical when they first bought one, and the industry is confident that even when American cars become available again in large numbers in markets we have made our own, British cars will have created such good will and proved their own special qualities so convincingly that they will continue to sell in substantial numbers.



AN ENGINE AND CHASSIS ABOUT TO ENTER THE ELECTRO-STATIC PAINT SPRAY BOOTH: This is one of the most interesting sections of the Austin assembly line. Chassis are lifted from the track automatically and suspended through an electrode system charged to a potential of 150,000 volts. During their passage they meet a finely atomised paint mist, particles of which are drawn to all surfaces to form an even coating. By this method every part of the chassis is covered. Adjacent ovens complete the process.

If that is to be, it will be essential to keep down production costs in Britain to the irreducible minimum. In this respect America has an enormous advantage inasmuch as she builds more than five times the number of cars that Britain does, and that most of them come from the factories of the American "Big Three"—General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. With such an enormous flow of mass-produced vehicles from relatively few assembly lines and with a comparatively small number of separate models, it is obvious that the U.S. is able to keep down overall production costs in a manner that is the envy of their British competitors who, through shortages of materials, are not able to use their full production capacity.

Another handicap under which British manufacturers suffer is the lack of a real home market on which to base their export sales. Most of Britain's new

(Continued on following page)

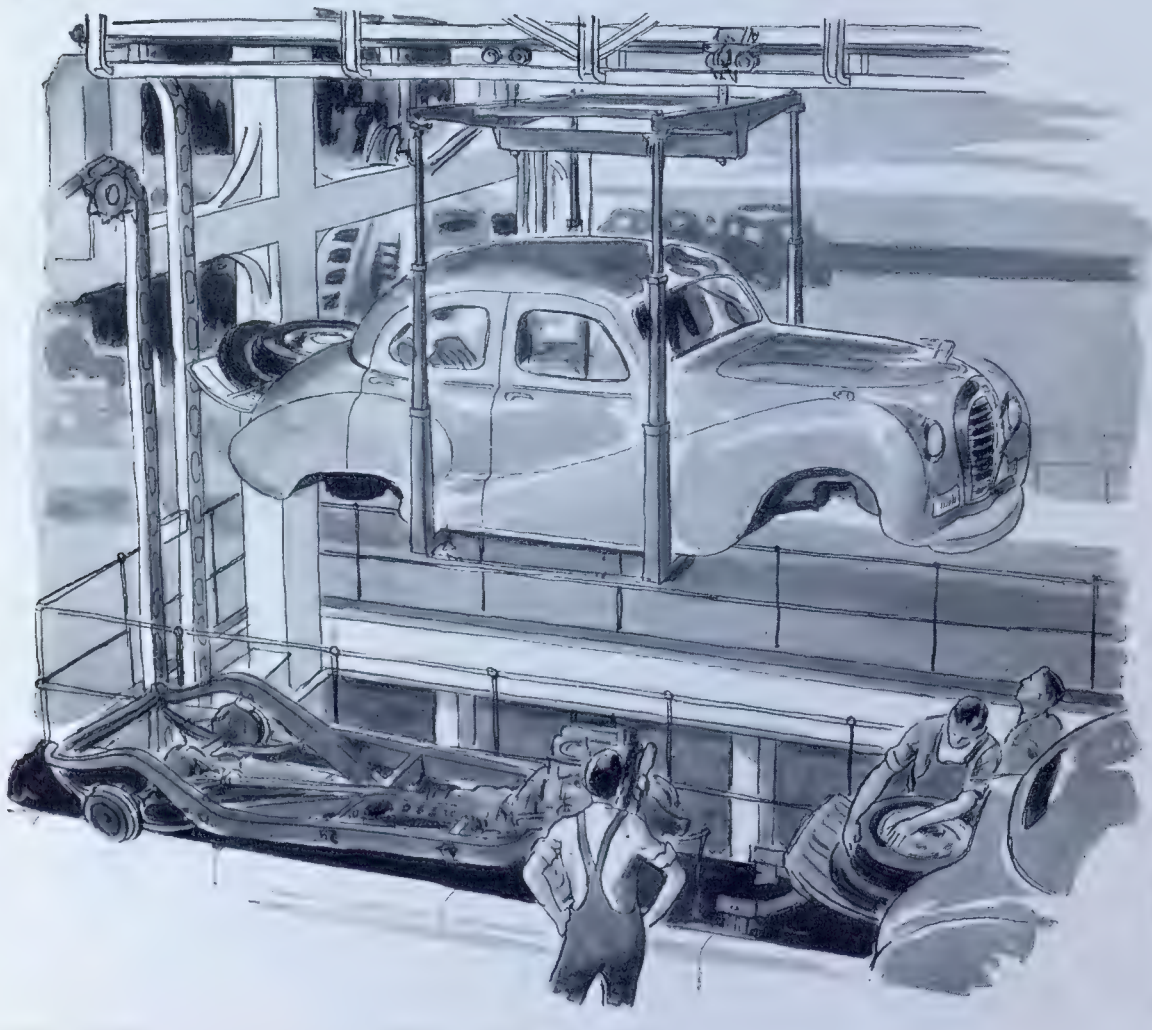
THE BODY AND THE CHASSIS HAVE NOW JOINED FORCES—AT THIS STAGE IN PRODUCTION ON THE AUSTIN ASSEMBLY LINE AT LONGBRIDGE THE WHEELS ARE FITTED, WATER PUT IN THE RADIATOR AND PETROL IN THE TANK: Car assembly technique in the first part of the twentieth century was vastly different from that of the present day. The moving track was in its infancy and production depended more on men than on machines. In the new Austin car assembly building machinery is predominant

SUPPLYING A CAR-HUNGRY WORLD

(*Continued from previous page*)

models now have to be sent abroad without having had the benefit of large-scale use on home roads to eliminate the teething troubles that afflict all cars. These "bugs" are now discovered by foreign customers—the people to whom we want to sell more British cars later on—and it takes much longer, of course, to put these faults right when the trouble is being experienced thousands of miles away. They would be dealt with much more satisfactorily if the snags were being discovered on British roads by motorists who were grumbling at home-based dealers or distributors or writing rude letters to factories in Coventry, Oxford, Birmingham, or some other near-by city.

Within the limitations imposed by the nature of Britain's motor industry and by the regrettable fact that it is not able to work to capacity, our manufacturers have done much to reduce costs to an absolute minimum. They have got together, in a way that once seemed impossible, to bring about a standardisation of components



HOW THE BODY OF AN AUSTIN CAR EMERGES FROM THE UNDERGROUND CONVEYOR SYSTEM TO BE INCORPORATED WITH A CHASSIS ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE: *Above*—The body poised above the chassis after being lifted through the main floor (*on right*) from the underground conveyor system at Longbridge. When the mounting points of chassis and body coincide, the assembly lowers itself and the operatives then proceed to bolt it into position.

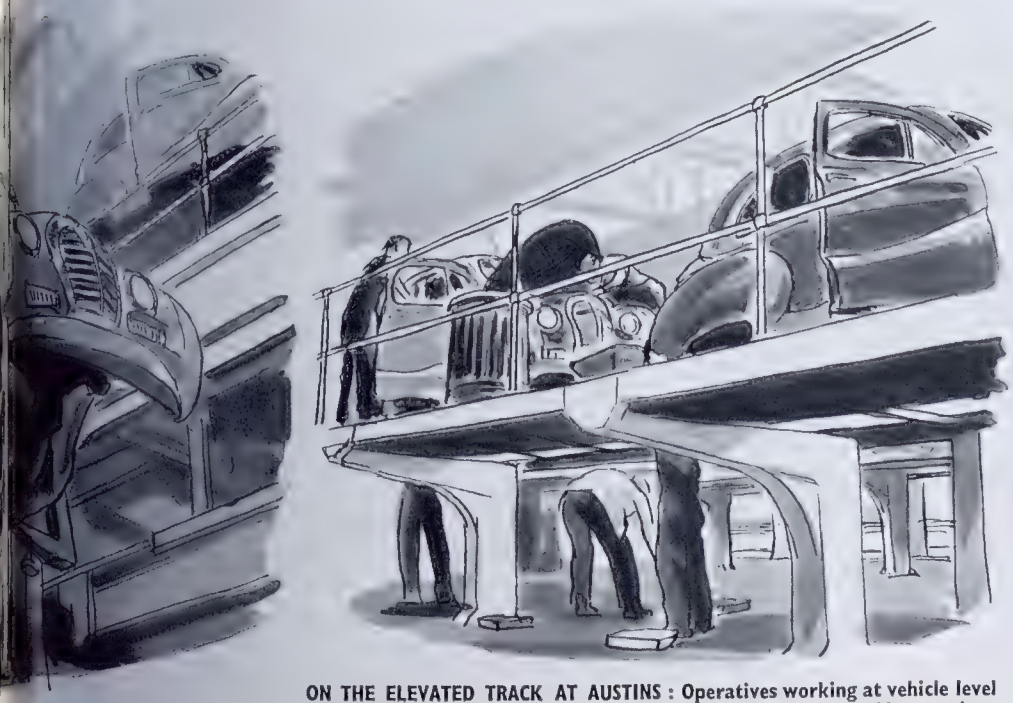
CARS ENTERING THE ELEVATED TRACK AT LONGBRIDGE : Here Austin operatives are able to work beneath the cars and also at normal level. As each car journeys down the assembly line relevant details of its major components are flashed to the documentation office by means of automatic recorders operating on electrical impulse. Thus all essential data are immediately available to the clerical staff of the works, enabling release papers to be completed in advance of the vehicle's final inspection and test.

common to all cars so that they could be produced more cheaply for the benefit of all.

The most spectacular move in this direction was made in October 1948 by the big Nuffield and Austin concerns. They announced an arrangement for a constant interchange of information covering production methods, costs, purchases, design and research. The object was stated to be "a pooling of resources to improve production efficiency and to cut costs."

There were many who said this get-together by Lord Nuffield and Mr. Lord—who was formerly his right-hand man in the Morris organisation—was the prelude to an amalgamation by the two firms, who between them make nearly half the cars and trucks built in Britain. But the scheme broke down after nine months and talk of a big financial merger ceased. Not until last November did we get the bombshell announcement that the Austin and Morris motor kingdoms were to be merged in the biggest deal the industry had ever known.

The two organisations have not lost their separate identities. With assets of more than £60,000,000 between them, they are to be controlled by a holding company with an authorised capital of £5,000,000. Viscount Nuffield, who started Morris Motors on £5 capital and has since given £25,000,000 to charity, will be chairman of the new concern, and Mr. Lord — a production wizard who joined Austins in 1938 after parting company with Lord Nuffield—is to be deputy chairman and managing director.



ON THE ELEVATED TRACK AT AUSTINS : Operatives working at vehicle level and below vehicle level on the final stages of assembly. Most modern factories now employ this method, allowing of easy access to the vehicle.

It is good to know that the two concerns are not to lose their individuality, but it is obvious that as time goes on there will be a whittling-down of the number of separate models produced, in the interests of rationalisation and its resultant economy of production. Some idea of the good that can flow from this merger in manufacturing efficiency and by the co-ordination of sales organisation overseas can be gained when it is remembered that in 1950 the Austin Company alone built 165,723 vehicles—an average of 74½ for every working hour of the year, which was an all-time record. Three-quarters of the total went to export.

The Cowley plant of the Nuffield Organisation is said to be capable of an annual output of 150,000 cars and commercial vehicles. In 1950 it exported a record total of 104,000 vehicles, worth over £35,000,000. The merger of these two great producers makes the resultant "empire" the fourth largest vehicle-building firm in the world, exceeded in size only by America's Big Three. It is, however, much smaller than either of these American industrial giants.

The fusion will greatly strengthen Britain's position in meeting the growing competition of other countries, for both Nuffield and Austins have world-wide sales organisations which can now be streamlined and merged where necessary, with resultant economy and a diversion to the common good of energies formerly expended in friendly competition. Much fuller use should be possible of the assembly plants set up by the two firms in various parts of the world.

Although Austins and Nuffield have captured so much of the limelight by reason of their amalgamation and their production and export achievements, the other members of Britain's Big Six—Rootes, Standard, Ford and Vauxhall—have gone about their business with a measure of efficiency which has yielded tremendous results both for their own shareholders and for the country as a whole.

Take the Standard Motor Co., for example. At the present time they are turning out 540 cars and tractors every working day. And just before he left for his trip to Australia, New Zealand and around the world, Sir John Black, who has brought the company from almost nothing to its present-day eminence, revealed that there are 53,000 Vanguards in use in Australia alone; plus over 25,000 Ferguson tractors. That represents a revenue of more than £30,000,000 sterling from Australia alone.

A word, too, about the Rootes Group, so ably run by those hard-working brothers, William and Reginald. In their modernly-equipped factory at Ryton-in-Dunsmore, near Coventry, they turn out by the thousand cars that have gained world fame: Humbers, Hillmans, Sunbeam-Talbots . . . cars proudly bearing names that take us back a long way into British motoring history.

Before I leave the subject of the industry's production achievements, mention should be made of the new Austin car assembly building—the most modern in the world—which was opened last July by the then Minister of Supply. It is a factory incorporating a wealth of new ideas and methods.

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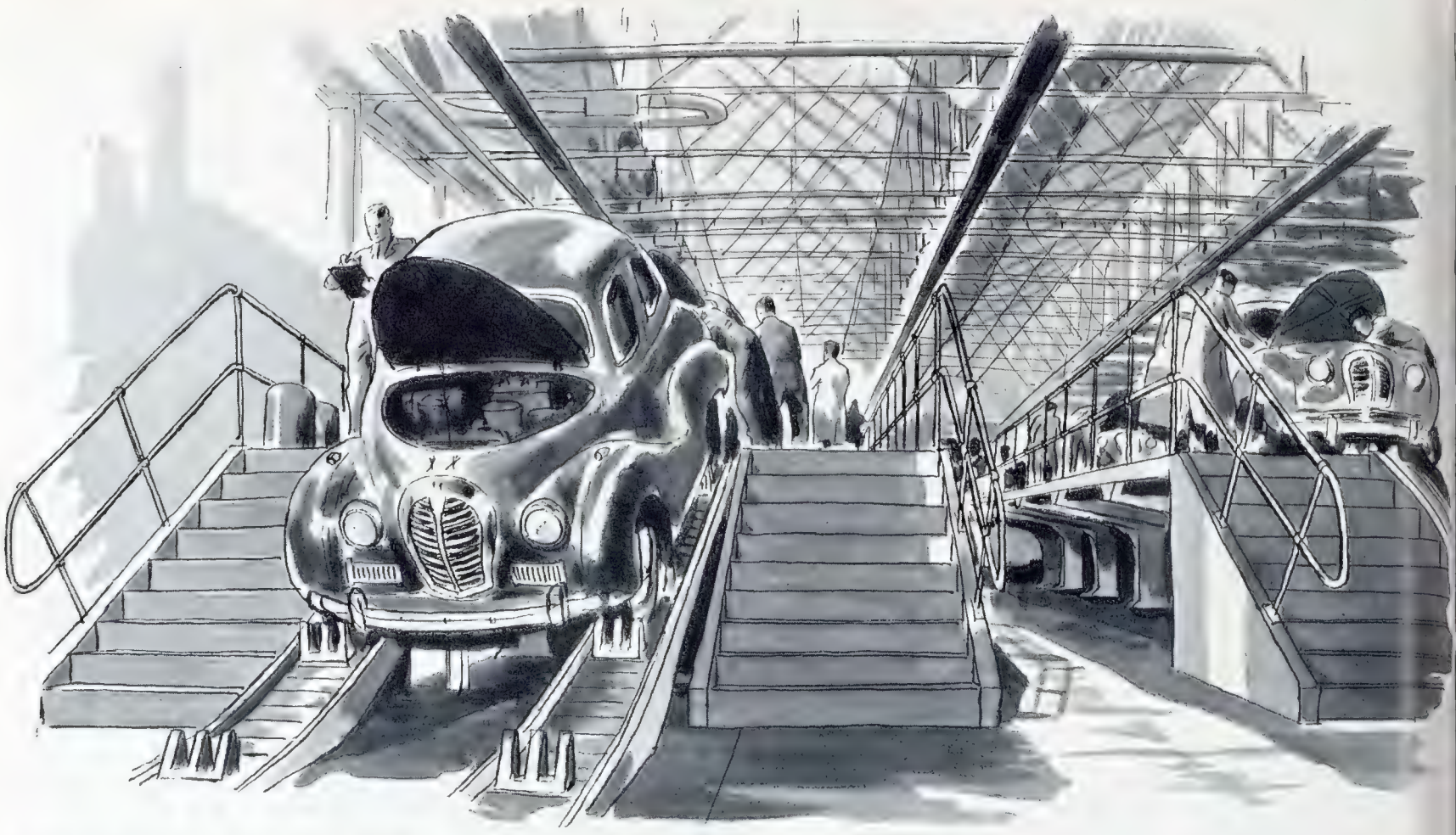


AN AUSTIN CAR NEARS THE END OF THE ASSEMBLY LINE AT THE LONGBRIDGE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM : At this stage all mountings, connections, wheel nuts, etc., are checked near the end of the assembly line. The complete car is now almost ready to emerge. While it is still moving, operatives tighten down the last bolts and check the last connections. It travels down a decline to the ground-level, where, still on the assembly track, it is finally polished and inspected. The car is then driven away.

SUPPLYING A CAR-HUNGRY WORLD

(*Concluded from previous page*)

Never before, perhaps, has industrial planning gone so far towards eliminating the possibility of human error. The site, adjoining the main factory at Longbridge, was originally a hill, and in designing the building it was necessary to cater for the reception of major assemblies from the existing plant, which is at a lower level. So a totally enclosed bridge was built from the lower plant to connect with a main tunnel running under the entire frontage of the new factory.

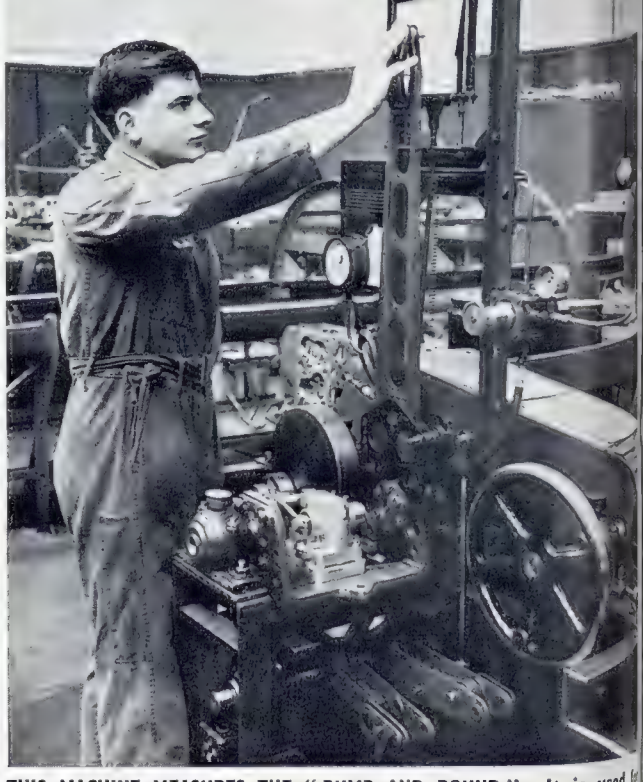
Inside the vast new assembly hall there are three tracks extending the whole length of the building for a distance of some 250 yards, and there is room for a fourth assembly line when it is necessary. These tracks are roofed over at various points with complicated machinery which operates without human aid. The maximum amount of interior daylight is ensured by the use of nearly 60,000 square feet of glass in walls and roof; and there is manual gearing to enable 58-ft. runs of windows to be opened for ventilation.

Although conveyors and tracks are moving continuously, there is little noise. The assembly tracks, enclosed on either side, start in a marshalling store which contains about 750,000 chassis parts. The required number of parts is placed on the track in unit sets and is immediately available for assembly as the chassis moves forward past the axle and engine automatic delivery lifts. In the 1,000-ft. tunnel, 20 ft. below, a mass of overhead chain conveyors carry engines, axles and complete bodies to underground sidings where, according to type, they are automatically directed to one of three sets of delivery conveyors. There they remain until their turn comes to be hoisted through the main floor and lowered on to the assembly tracks. There are over 16 miles of conveyors in the tunnel and assembly hall, with a total capacity of more than 700 tons.

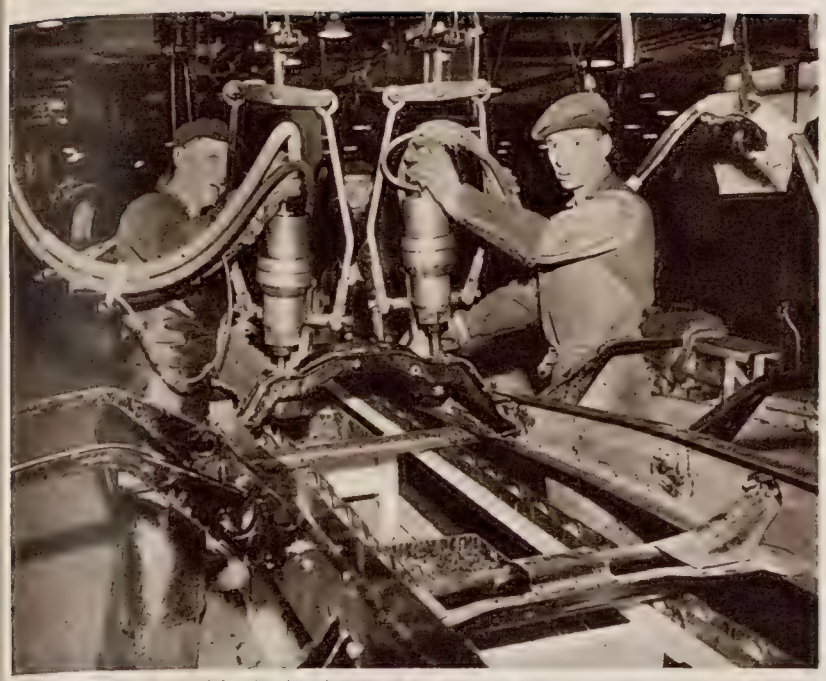
The Vauxhall Company, whose Velox and Wyvern cars and Bedford trucks are famed the world over, have also recently brought into use at Luton a vast new factory costing millions of pounds; while the Ford plant at Dagenham remains a model of what can be accomplished in planning a self-contained factory where efficient use is made of every square foot of available space.

In these and other British factories striking developments have taken place since the war in car design and production methods. The cars now coming off the assembly lines and streaming towards the docks in London, at Liverpool and other big export points bear little resemblance to our pre-war models, either in their external appearance or technical features. Such things as steering column gear-change levers, independent front-wheel suspension and inter-axle seating, are now as commonplace as the modern, streamlined

CYLINDER HEADS BEING MACHINED AT THE CREWE WORKS OF ROLLS-ROYCE : The perfection of Rolls-Royce parts has made this car the admiration of the world, and the same rigid standards have been applied since Sir Henry Royce established the concern. It takes five years for the company to get a new model on to the road from the time when it first appears on the drawing-board.



THIS MACHINE MEASURES THE "BUMP AND BOUND" : It is used for testing shock absorbers in the Rolls-Royce works at Crewe. The results are seen in process of being recorded on the graph paper at the top of the arm which the operator is holding.



COLD SQUEEZE RIVETING THE CHASSIS OF A VAUXHALL CAR AT THE WORKS AT LUTON : Since the 19½-acre extension to the Vauxhall Works in 1950 nearly £5,000,000 have been spent on re-equipping the older parts of the plant.

CARS COME ROLLING ALONG THE ASSEMBLY BELT AT THE FORD WORKS, DAGENHAM : Here the cars are nearing the end of the long line. The operatives are engaged in tightening the hub nuts. In the foreground are grouped a series of bonnets. Ford's recently scored a great success, a Consul winning the Dutch International Tulip Rally.

THE STANDARD VANGUARD IN PRODUCTION AT COVENTRY : *Left*—The engine being lowered on to the chassis. The arrival of the two units at a given spot on the assembly line is synchronised. *Right*—As the engine is fitted, other work proceeds on the chassis. Next year the Standard Motor Company will be celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. The first Standard car had a single-cylinder engine of about 6 h.p. In 1912 the Company introduced one of the first light cars, a 9·5 h.p. 4-cylinder model, which sold for about £200. It was not until 1929 that the Standard achieved nation-wide fame. In the year 1939 no fewer than 50,000 cars were produced.

styling of the coachwork, with its flush sides, faired wings and sunken headlamps.

There is a marked tendency towards "square" engines, with the bore measuring nearly as much as, if not more than, the stroke; by-pass filters ensure a flow of clean oil into the engine; and unit construction, in which the body itself takes the stresses formerly dealt with by a heavy chassis frame, has an increasing vogue.

The industry's "back-room boys" are still hard at work on the development of turbine-engined cars, but it represents a relatively small part of their total research effort and it is generally agreed that the day when the turbocar will be in general use is still a long way off. The Rover Company still seems to be in the lead in the field of turbine development—a richly-deserved legacy from its pioneer participation in the evolution of the jet aero engine—and is reported to have built a second prototype incorporating a heat exchanger which may go a long way towards reducing the excessive fuel consumption that is undoubtedly delaying the general introduction of this jet-age engine even in the field of heavy transport.

There is much talk, off and on, about the possibility of the industry producing a "People's Car." This is generally taken to be a low-priced, low-powered car of austere design capable of being run at a very low cost, like the 4 h.p. Citroens that are selling in large numbers in France. As far as I know, personally, there is no immediate prospect of such a minicar being built in England. The big firms, whose market research has proved uncannily accurate in the past, seem to think that a reasonably-appointed car of 8 h.p. or just under is the smallest they can usefully build, having regard to British motoring fashions and the needs of the export market.

Thus we have the Morris Minor—a classic design if ever there was one—in large-scale production; the rugged Ford Anglia, for which there continues to be such a big demand, despite its design limitations, that its continued production would appear to be indefinite; the newly-announced Austin Seven, which has yet to go into production; and the projected "less than 8 h.p." Standard four-door, four-seat, 4-cylinder saloon which Sir John Black has promised for 1953.

With the cost of running a small family saloon more than double the 1938 figure; with expenses rising all the time; with a purchase tax impost of 66⅔ per cent., which means that you pay more in tax on a lightweight to-day than its total pre-war cost; and with petrol at its present price, is there any wonder that the thoughts of British manufacturers are turning more and more in the direction of economy "baby" cars?

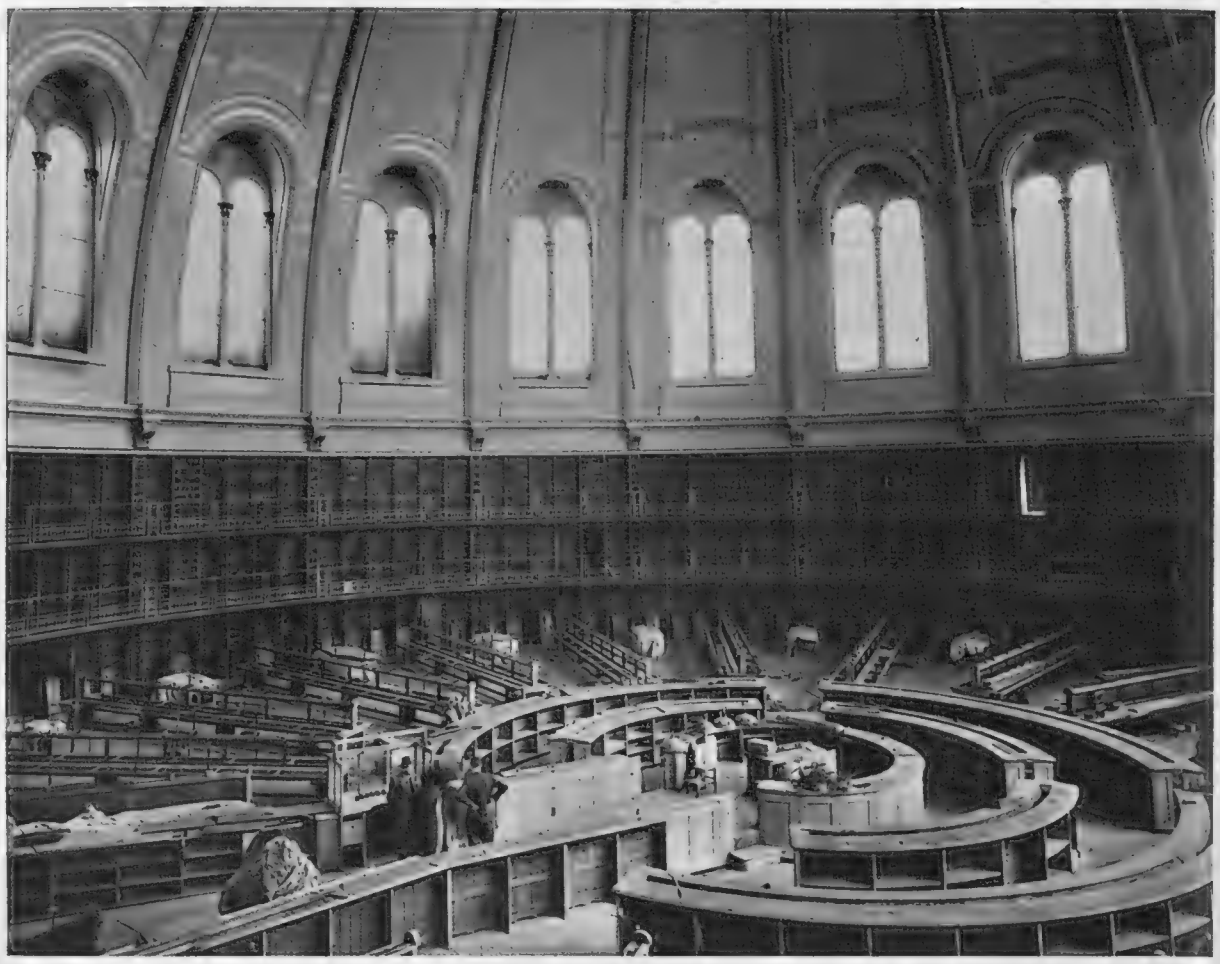
The sales of British cars abroad have received a tremendous fillip from the success of our high-performance models in international sporting events like the Monte Carlo Rally, the Le Mans twenty-four-hour race, the Alpine Trial, the Dutch Tulip Rally and Sicily's Targa Florio race. Who can say to what extent Britain owes to its all-conquering sports cars—its Jaguars, Bristols, Frazer-Nashes, Aston-Martins, Allards, Sunbeam-Talbots, Healeys, and the rest—the position it now holds as the world's greatest exporter of cars?

We may not have done too well in the main Grand Prix racing events—the B.R.M. has been a huge disappointment—but in the realm of sports-car racing and rallying British designs have chalked up an impressive list of successes in the last two or three years.

In the field of Grand Prix racing our 500 cc. Coopers and Kiefts have done much in Formula 3 events to offset our poor showing in the major category, but it is on our fine range of sports cars that we have had to rely to give spectacular proof that in motoring, as in so many other spheres, British is best.

MAYTIME IN LONDON

The Redecorated Reading Room at the British Museum; Inaugurating the 1952 Water-Bus Service; Nesting-time in St. James's Park



THE REDECORATION OF THE READING ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: *Left*—A section of the newly-painted dome, which is believed to be the third largest in the world. It is in cream, grey and gold. Completed in 1857 to the design of the Museum architects, Sir Robert and Sydney Smirke, the dome is 106 ft. high and 140 ft. in diameter. *Right*—A view of work in progress on the old reading desks in the room. The old desks, with their subtle mass of hinges, are being kept, although the top-hat pegs under the desks are being scrapped. Other innovations include fluorescent lighting over the desks and concealed lighting to illuminate the dome.

NO INCREASE IN FARES ON THIS SERVICE—THE INAUGURATION OF THE 1952 RIVER BUS SERVICE: The first Thames water-bus of the season, *Ford Consul*, approaches Westminster Bridge on its inaugural trip from the Festival Hall Pier. *Inset on left*—Mr. Edwin Bayliss, Chairman of the L.C.C., takes a turn at the wheel of the water-bus. Mr. Bayliss was welcomed by Lord MacPherson, Chairman of the Thames Passenger Service Committee, and made a speech declaring the service open. After the ceremony he was presented with the first ticket of the 1952 season and invited with the Mayors of riverside boroughs to make the first trip to Hammersmith.

A FAMILY OF BALD-FACED COOTS ON THE LAKE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK: In her nest of twigs resting on the water, the hen sits on her last egg while the male bird initiates into the technique of food-gathering some of the chicks already hatched.

THE MOTHER COOT INVESTIGATES THE LAST EGG OF HER CLUTCH: While the chicks already hatched swim merrily in St. James's Park lake there remains one egg showing no signs of life.

THE CASE OF THE RELUCTANT EGG: For the time being, the hen coot abandons the last, stubborn egg of the clutch and turns her attention to the demands of the hungry chicks.

AGROUND ON BRITAIN'S COAST

A New Endeavour to Move the "Warspite"; Removing Coal from the Stricken "Liberty"; a Tragedy at Emsworth; and a German Salvage Boat at Work in London Docks

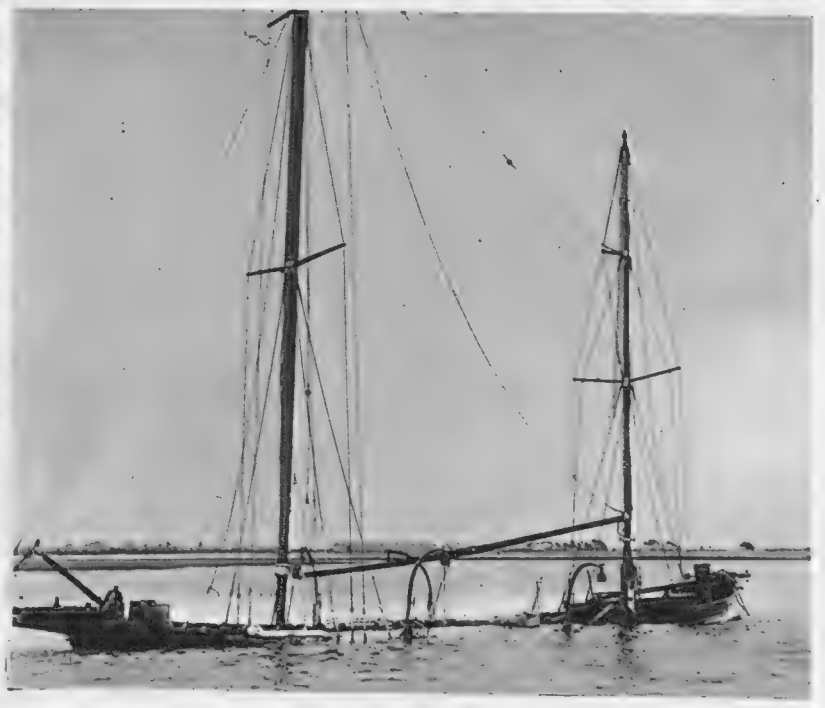
THE "WARSPITE" DRAMA LINGERS ON—THE FORMER BRITISH BATTLESHIP IS MADE READY FOR REFLOATING IN MOUNT'S BAY, CORNWALL: A crane operates on the deck of the *Warspite*, which is being made buoyant with the aid of jet engines so that she can be taken closer inshore. On the deck are pipes leading from the jet engines to the airtight compartments in the hull. Within four or five hours a pressure of 15 lb. per square inch can be built up in this way. Normal pumping methods would take about seventy-two hours. Since the *Warspite* first grounded in the early part of 1947 over 3,000 tons of high-grade steel have been removed. The battleship went aground in Prussia Cove after dragging her anchor when being towed on her last voyage to a Clyde yard.

JET ENGINES HELP THE "WARSPITE" TO MOVE INSHORE: This engine and others are being used to blow water from airtight compartments on the vessel so that, with the aid of spring tides and a 50-ton capstan aboard, she may move closer inshore. The warship must be moved 600 ft. to clear more hull for salvage.

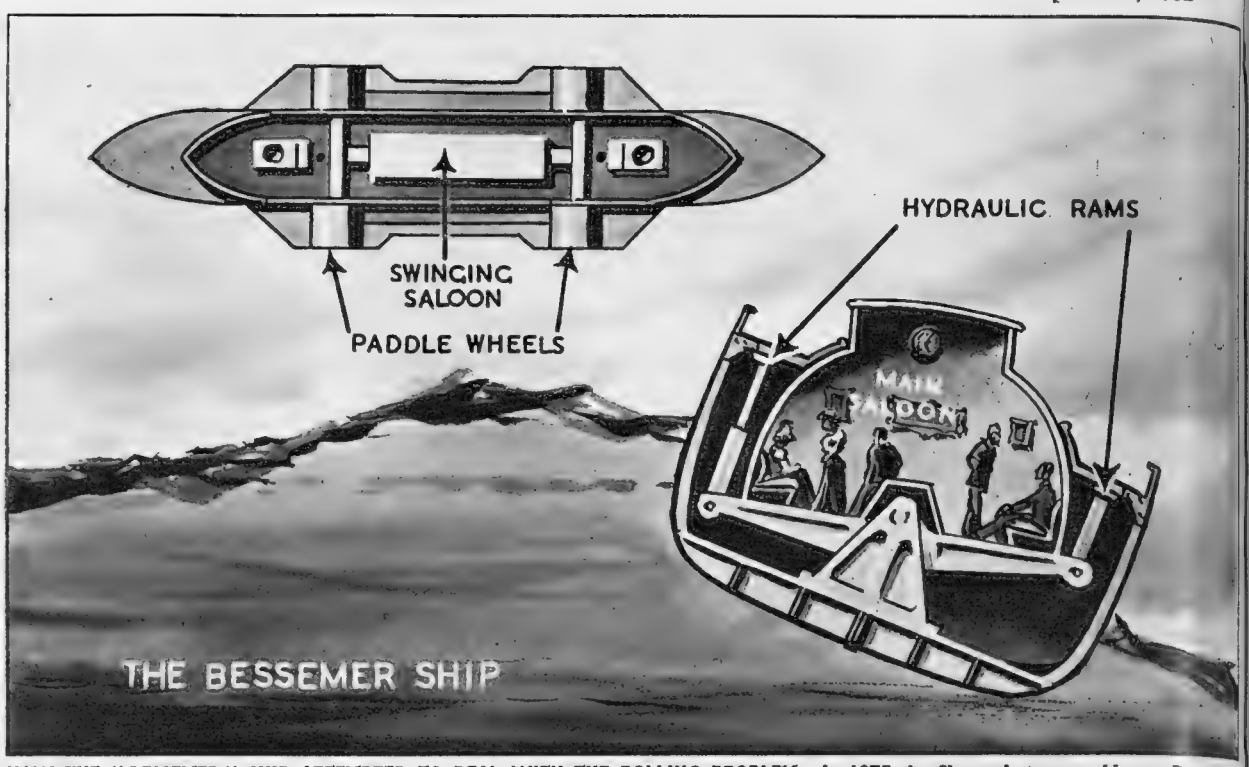
THE END OF "LIBERTY": Seas break through gaping holes in the hull of the *Liberty*, which went ashore near the Pendeen Lighthouse on the Cornish coast in January. The wrecked ship is now in the hands of a salvage crew who are busy unloading the bunker coal and hauling it up the cliffside by means of a cable.

A FORMER GERMAN SALVAGE BOAT AT WORK ON LONDON DOCK REPAIRS: The diving bell, in which the workmen operate under water, is lowered from the salvage boat *Ebury*, in the London Docks, at the St. Catherine's Way entrance. When this picture was taken the craft was engaged in repairing the stops for the lock gates. Quick drying cement was used on the job, and helping with the preparations before the workmen went down was a diver. The *Ebury* is also used as a pile-driving unit.

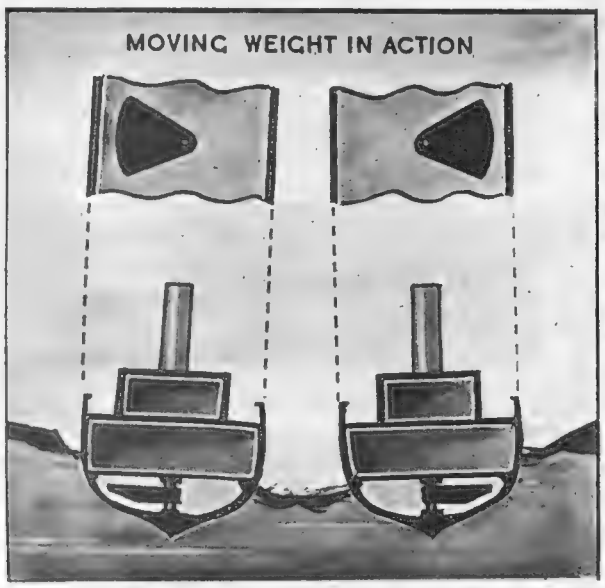
On right—AN ALMOST NAKED MAN GAVE THE ALARM: The burnt-out 60-ft. ketch *Giroflee* lies sunk at her moorings in Emsworth Harbour, Hampshire, after catching fire in the early hours of a week-end morning. When the vessel caught fire Michael Sweeney, of Greenock, who was aboard, jumped over the side and after reaching the shore ran almost naked through the streets to call the fire brigade. When fire-floats arrived the yacht was spouting 30-ft. flames. The *Giroflee* had just refitted for summer cruising.

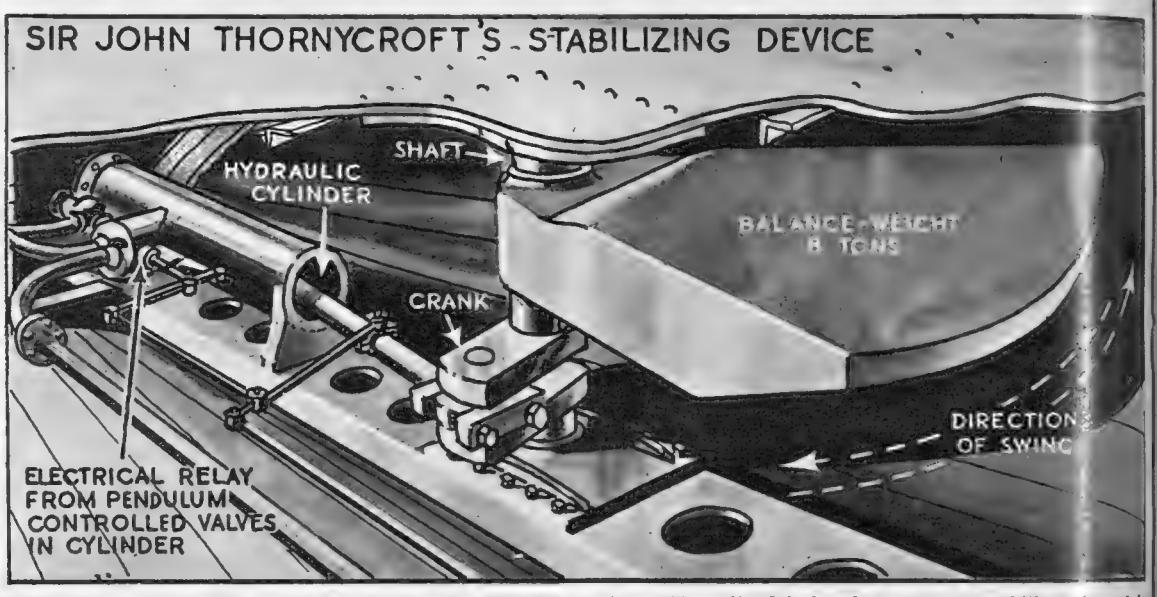


IN THE DAYS OF THE WINDJAMMERS THE SAILS ACTED AS AN EXCELLENT STEADYING DEVICE: At that time few marine engineers gave much attention to stabilizers, but with the advent of steam the position changed swiftly.

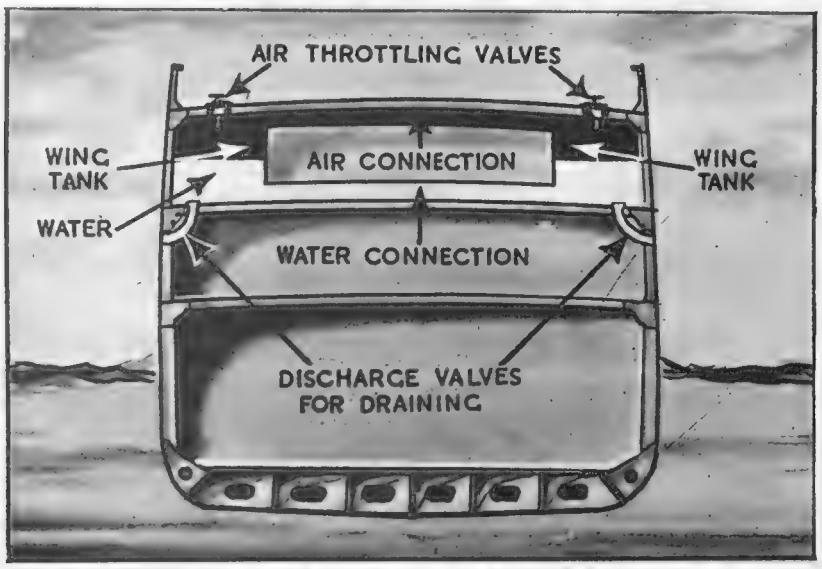


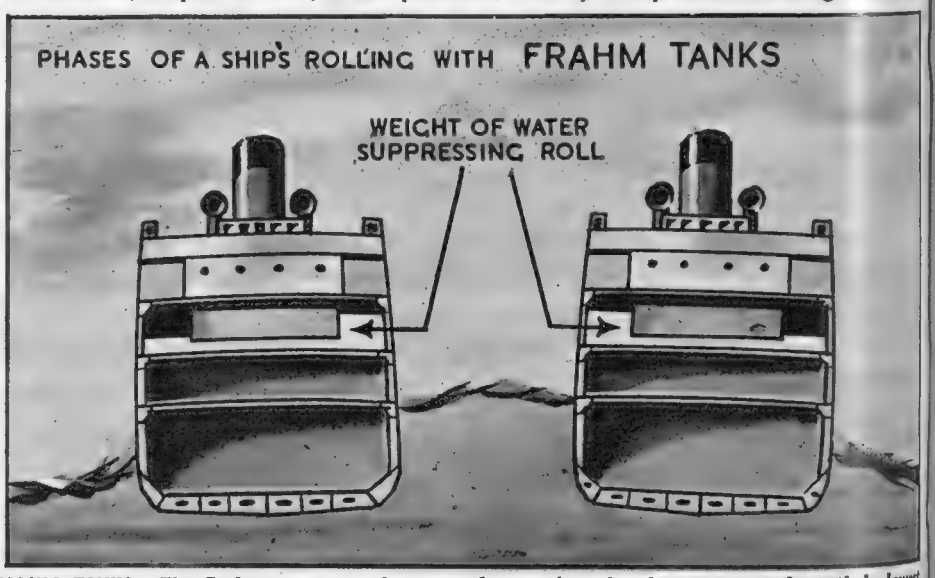
HOW THE "BESSEMER" SHIP ATTEMPTED TO DEAL WITH THE ROLLING PROBLEM: In 1875 the Channel steamer *Henry Bessemer*, designed and built under supervision of Mr. A. E. Seaton and Sir E. J. Reed, was placed on the Dover-Calais route. She had a saloon amidships, which hung on bearings fixed fore and aft. Hydraulic rams controlled the movement of the saloon in such a way that as the ship rolled the saloon remained upright and steady. Originally the rams were operated by hand. Automatic control was later tried with a gyro, but the hand method was eventually reverted to.





THE EMPLOYMENT OF OSCILLATING WEIGHTS—SIR JOHN THORNYCROFT'S STABILIZING DEVICE WHICH HE INTRODUCED IN 1889: Sir John's plan was to stabilize the whole ship, not just one part of it. His patent called for the use of long and short period pendulums, with electrical control gear to operate the valves of hydraulic rams which would move a massive balance weight across from one side of the ship to the other. The late Sir William White spoke strongly in favour of this system, which, he said, could reduce the rolling of a vessel by half. Both Thornycroft and Cremieu advocated the oscillating-weight system. Cremieu proposed to stabilize a vessel by means of a pendulum of suitable period hung from the underside of the upper deck and oscillating with little clearance inside a chamber filled with oil or other viscous liquid. The suggestion was that the energy of the rolling vessel should be transferred, in part at least, to the pendulum, and by it expended in heating the liquid.





THE EMPLOYMENT OF A MOVING BODY OF WATER—THE FRAHM SYSTEM OF ANTI-ROLLING TANKS: The Frahm system makes use of two wing chambers connected at their lowest level by an athwartship passage, and at their highest level by a second athwartship passage in which valves are situated. The chambers are half-filled with water. The upper halves of the chambers and the upper passage are airtight. Stability is given to the vessel by the oscillation of the water between the tanks.

When ships were propelled by sails, rolling was not often a serious concern because the sails acted as an excellent steadying device, but when they were no longer available for this purpose for passenger ships and war vessels, naval architects gave consideration to the possibilities of reducing ships' rolling or in some way avoiding the discomfort which some passengers felt.

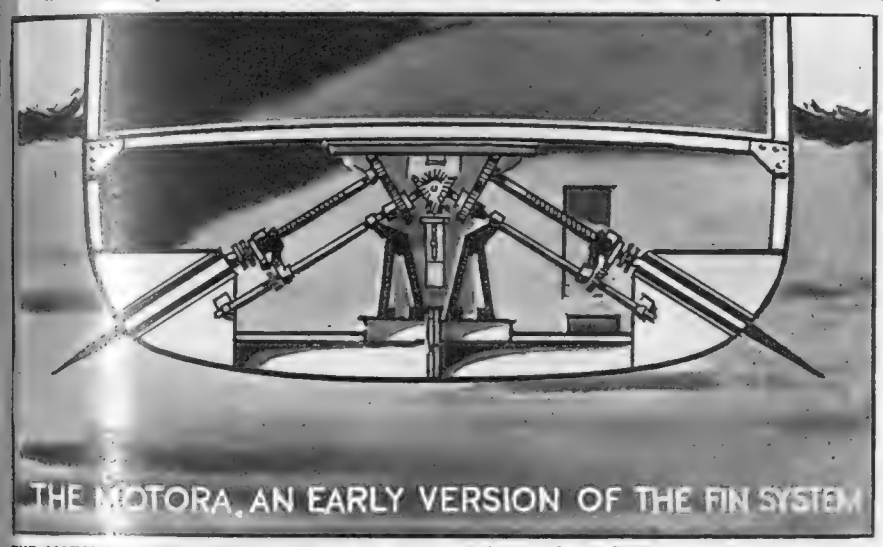
The cross-Channel steamer the *Henry Bessemer* was built with a special saloon suspended so that it could swing independently of the ship's roll, and vessels were built of curious design, with double hulls for the cross-Channel service, in the hope of avoiding rolling.

At the time Sir Nathaniel Barnaby was the Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty, a scheme for reducing rolling by building into the ship a special water-tank running from one side to the other and in which water was free to run across the ship when she rolled, was developed, and the most important battleship at the time, the *Inflexible*, was equipped with the gear. While the scheme did not find much favour in this country it was developed to a very considerable extent on the Continent, and the *Berengaria* and other large vessels were so fitted.

A clever engineer, Mr. Beauchamp Tarr, was interested in providing a steady platform for mounting a gun and produced a very good result with a gyroscope wheel which was spun by jets of high-pressure water, and which gave power, by means of a high-pressure jet which emerged from its centre, to hydraulic rams supporting the platform. He demonstrated that he could keep a gun trained on an object with the vessel rolling quickly in different directions, but at the time it was not thought important to have a gun mounted in this way. No further development took place, although, of course, at the present time anti-aircraft and other guns are mounted on stabilized platforms controlled by electrically-driven gyros and electric motors.

At the time, the late Sir John I. Thornycroft thought he would like to go one better and stabilize the whole ship, and spent several years in developing a stabilizing gear which he fitted to a 270-ton yacht to demonstrate the working of his patent, which he

THE GYROSCOPIC SYSTEM—THE SPERRY GYRO STABILIZER AS APPLIED TO THE YACHT "VIGOROUS": The largest Sperry stabilizer plant yet constructed was completed and put into service between the wars in the 48,000-ton *Conte di Savoia* of the Italian Line. This produced quite the nearest approach to a non-rolling liner. With gyro stabilizers fitted near the bows on the port and starboard sides, the *Conte di Savoia* was able to provide passengers with a fair degree of comfort in the roughest weather. The principle of the gyroscopic method is that the stabilizer resists any effort to deflect it from its axis. One criticism is that the necessary equipment takes up much valuable space. Experience with all of these gyro stabilizers has shown definitely that 90 per cent. of the roll is eliminated; that, in general, the larger the vessel, the more efficiently it can be stabilized; and that, with vessels of 5,000-tons displacement or more, the deck can be held within 3 degs. of the horizontal in the heaviest seas encountered.



THE MOTORA SYSTEM OF STABILIZATION: This early version of the fin system was advanced in 1928 by M. Deparis, but his ideas were not put into practice. The system, which was also favoured by the Japanese in the '20's, makes use of fins projecting from the side of the hull of a vessel at the turn of the bilge. The power required in order to turn the fins is supplied by a steering gear engine.

REDUCING ROLL IN SHIPS

FROM THE DAYS OF NATURAL SAIL STABILIZATION TO THE MODERN FIN AND GYRO SYSTEMS NOW IN USE

Drawings by Winston Megoran

took out in 1889. His patent described the employment of long and short period pendulums with electrical control gear to operate the valves of hydraulic rams, either to move a weight across from one side of the ship to the other or to operate fins which would give a righting effect to the vessel by the pressure which they received from the water as the ship proceeded, in the same way that the diving rudders are used on submarines.

For warships there was no great enthusiasm for stabilizing ships, the naval people considering in some ways a steady roll helped their gunnery, but for passenger ships the desire to make them more comfortable continued: a good deal was done in Germany, and the crack Italian liner *Conte di Savoia* was fitted with Sperry Gyro Stabilizers. For the smaller cross-Channel passenger vessels there was a great desire to improve the comfort by eliminating rolling, and Sir William Wallace and Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton, produced the Denny-Brown Stabilizer, which was fitted in several cross-Channel vessels before the war and during the war period to a number of the smaller war vessels. Considerable general interest has been revived in the subject by the P. & O. Company having fitted one of their most recent vessels, the *Chusan*, with the apparatus.

John E. Thornycroft, Kt.

THE DENNY-BROWN SHIP STABILIZER AS USED IN THE CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER "FALAISE": The port and starboard fins, which are retractable, project amidships and well below the waterline, and are tilted up and down at high speed by electric-hydraulic power, the effect being similar to that exerted by ailerons in an aeroplane. The depression of the leading edge of one fin will counteract roll on the opposite side of the ship. The Denny-Brown stabilizer makes no pretence of eliminating the ship's roll completely, but the roll may be reduced from, say, 25 degs to as little as 5 degs. The power is applied automatically by means of a small gyroscope the moment the ship begins to roll, and elevates one fin while depressing the other. When not in use the fins are retracted into boxes in the hull of the ship. The stabilizer is controlled from the bridge. When the system is required to operate the captain presses a button, which sounds a gong near the stabilizing gear and lights up a panel marked "start stabilizer." The engineer then starts the gyroscope. The Denny-Brown stabilizer is comparatively cheap, and it is relatively small and light.

RUM, THE FORBIDDEN ISLE

In Theory it is Possible to Land on Rum, and Adventurous Young People Sometimes Make the Attempt, but it Remains a Far from Hospitable Isle

BY ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR

(Author of "The Goat Wife," "Portrait of a Village," and "The Western Isles")

OF the Small Isles' area of roughly 38,000 acres, wild and mountainous Rum occupies more than half. From north to south, as from east to west, this round and compact island of the Inner Hebrides measures about eight miles. For its size, it is inordinately mountainous, a fact commented upon by nearly every writer during the last four centuries or thereabouts. An early annotator referred to it as being "all hillis and waist glennis." Dean Monro, writing in the middle of the sixteenth century, mentions its being "ane forest of heigh mountainis, and abundance of litle deire in it." Martin Martin, half-a-century later, likewise refers to its mountains, and to the hundreds of deer inhabiting them; and he cites the belief among the inhabitants that fatality would always befall the posterity of MacLean of Coll, then owner of the island, if he or any member of his family shot a deer on Fionn Chrò, a mountain on the west of it. The discharge of such a shot meant that "he dies suddenly, or contracts some violent Distemper, which soon puts a period to his Life."

Of the population of Rum towards the close of the seventeenth century, Martin gives no indication. He merely mentions that the natives were Protestants, and that they were similar in language and habit to those dwelling in the other isles. If the population was small then, it must have increased considerably by 1772, the year Thomas Pennant recorded the existence there of 325 persons, divided between 59 families.

Rum was still the property of MacLean of Coll when Johnson and Boswell toured the Hebrides in 1773. Indeed, their knowledge of the island they derived from MacLean himself, while they were his guests on Coll. The laird described to them how Rum, once the property of the Clan Ranald—the powerful and colourful MacDonalds of the Isles—came into MacLean hands. He told them, moreover, of the island's red deer, and of its particular breed of horses which, though small, was eminently beautiful. The rent MacLean received for this island of his, which he represented as being mountainous, rugged and barren, was not great; but he did say how rich he would have been if he could have let the island at twopence-halfpenny the acre!

In 1826 Rum experienced depopulation on a vast scale. That year no fewer than 400 crofters were obliged to emigrate to America. By 1828, as Hugh Miller relates in *The Cruise of the Betsy*, their place had been taken by a farmer, and his stock of 8,000 sheep, augmented later by a number brought over from the Sunart district of Argyll. To the steep rock-faces of so many of the island's summits, goats are admirably suited; and for the unnamed peak of some 2,475 ft., situated below Ashval and Sgùrr nan Gillean, an Oxford mountaineering party suggested the name of Sgùrr nan Gobhar, because of the presence upon it, the day they traversed it, of so many wild goats.

Although John Bullough inaugurated many schemes for the island's improvement, he did not live to see them carried to fruition. When the island passed to the late Sir George, it was almost entirely devoid of anything in the nature of a road except in the immediate vicinity of Kinloch.

THE MAUSOLEUM IN GLEN HARRIS ON THE ISLE OF RUM: Glen Harris runs south-westwards to the sea. This memorial, in the form of a Greek temple, was erected by Sir George Bullough to his father at the spot where he was buried. Mr. MacGregor describes it as one of the most surprising monuments in all the isles.

plus the shepherds imported to look after the latter. Yet it must not be assumed that Rum's productive capacity could have sustained, except on the lowest subsistence level, a peasantry so numerous. Poverty and privation there must have been; and here on Rum, as elsewhere, a situation may well have arisen which nothing short of emigration could have alleviated.

The sites of the townships occupied by this peasantry are still clearly defined in the island's less barren parts. One finds them in Glen Harris, in Glen Dibidil, at Guirdil, Kinloch and Kilmory. The largest settlement would appear to have been at Kilmory, where, upon a time, as the name itself suggests, was a religious house, with a place of burial adjacent thereto. Though the island is singularly wanting in remains of a hagiological or ecclesiological origin, and the name of no particular saint seems to have been associated with it, its toponomy includes Kilmory and Papidil, indicative of *some* religious settlement there in olden times. Kilmory is the Gaelic equivalent of the cell or churchyard of Mary: Papidil is simply the Norse equivalent of the priest's dale.

A few years after the evacuation of 1826, one or two families from Skye were permitted to come to the island, and to settle in the locality of Loch Scresort. About 1845 the sheep, in turn, began to be displaced by deer. The island was soon converted into the vast deer-forest which it has been ever since.

In 1840 MacLean of Coll disposed of Rum to the Marquis of Salisbury. The island remained in that family's hands until 1880, when it was purchased by John Bullough, of Meggernie, a historic property in Glen Lyon, Perthshire. It was he who, in 1880, imported a number of stags and hinds from Windsor Great Park, with a view to improving the quality of the native herds. During the proprietorship of his son, the late Sir George Bullough, Rum became increasingly a private sporting preserve.

It was Sir George who introduced into the island, from Perthshire, a flock of wild goats. This flock, which throve well, was

THE FORBIDDING CLIFFS ON THE WEST COAST OF RUM: Rum, a round and compact isle of the Inner Hebrides, measures about eight miles in diameter. It has a population of about thirty, and there is no tendency to welcome visitors. The visitor must bring his own rations.

Sir George, however, constructed a road across the island, from Kinloch to Glen Harris, on its west coast. His father loved greatly that part of Rum, hitherto so remote. There he was buried, first in a chamber hewn out of the face of the rock, and subsequently in the centre of a field, near the shepherd's house. On a comparatively flat piece of ground near the mouth of Glen Harris, overshadowed by Rum's own Coolins, stands one of the most surprising monuments in all the isles. It is a memorial, in the form of a Greek temple, which Sir George Bullough caused to be erected to his father at the spot where he was buried. This mighty mausoleum consists of broad steps leading up on each of four rectangular sides to a base upon which stand eighteen round pillars supporting a massive roof. Like such monuments Grecian in design, it is open on all sides. The storms of winter bring the spindrift of the Atlantic right up to it when the gales rush, unhindered, between its pillars. Anybody coming ashore at Glen Harris from a shipwreck, there to be confronted by this monument, might well wonder where he was. He might be excused for imagining that he had landed where—

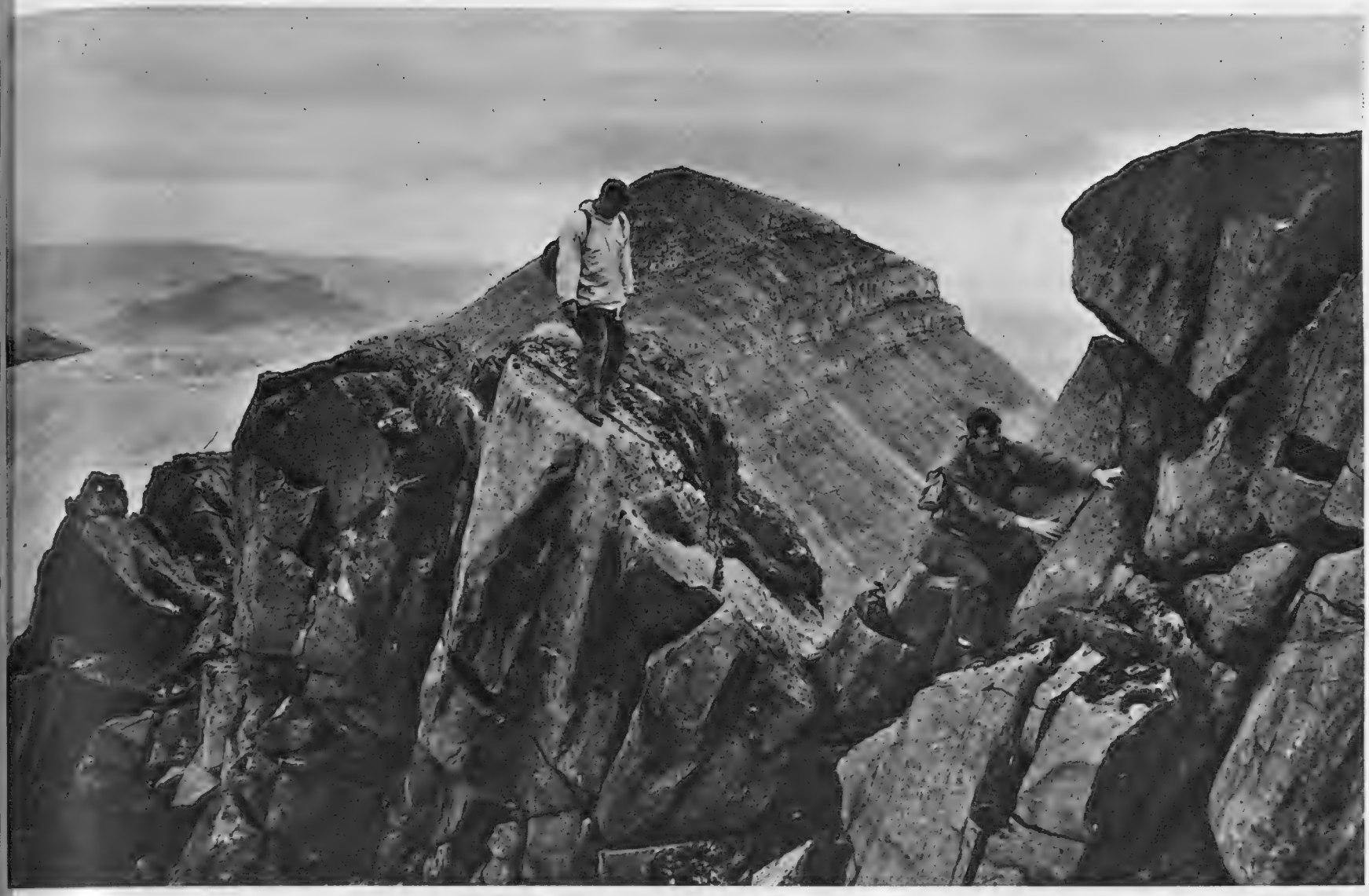
The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.

Rum was an island of unusual activity while Sir George Bullough was building and plenishing at the head of Loch Scresort, the mansion-house known as Kinloch Castle, and laying out in a lavish way the gardens, lawns and policies surrounding it. Here, at Kinloch, are to be found almost the only trees on the island. No fewer than 80,000 are said to have been planted towards the close of the nineteenth century. A forest fire, unfortunately, destroyed a great number of these.

To-day all the splendour of those spacious times has vanished from Kinloch Castle. The lengthening shadow of decay would seem to have fallen upon it. Even the deer are now left comparatively alone, in consequence of which they have become emboldened. No longer do they confine themselves to the mountains, or to the succulent pastures of such remote glens as Glen Harris and Glen Dibidil. They now graze confidently in the lower reaches of the valley through which the Kinloch River flows eastward to Loch Scresort. By the river's mouth, from time to time, some of the older stags may be seen feeding on the fresh herbage between road and river, little alarmed at human intrusion.

There is no accommodation on Rum for anyone who may wish to land and explore an island that, to all but the favoured few, in pursuit of its antlered denizens, remains *terra incognita*—no *official* accommodation, anyhow. The present population of roughly thirty consists of families whose menfolk are in the proprietor's employment—estate workers, as they are termed. For their convenience, the

THE COOLINS OF RUM SEEN FROM THE MOORS OF EIGG: The two islands are separated by the Sound of Rum. This picture gives some idea of prevailing weather conditions in Rum, where rain is never long absent, even during the summer months, and lowering clouds are a familiar feature.



TRAVERSING THE SUMMIT OF ASKIVAL: Climbers on the topmost peak of Rum. Askival reaches 2,659 ft. In the distance are seen the Coolins of Skye, one of the most spectacular climbing areas in the Western Isles. There are seven high peaks in Rum, four being grouped together near Allival. These last five reach to over 2,000 ft.

mail steamer calls at Loch Scresort, where there is no pier, but where the proprietor's ferryboat attends her. The anchorage here is excellent, though somewhat exposed to easterly winds. Loch Scresort is by far the best of the many places round the shores where a landing can be effected without much peril.

For all that, few lacking personal contact with the island, or with one of the families dwelling thereon, ever land, partly through fear of being warned off, and partly owing to a deliberate scheme to render as inhospitable as possible the sojourn of any stranger who may be bold enough to disembark. This is all to the bad, when it might well be all to the good. I can think of no other island as accessible and compact where those genuinely interested in mountaineering and rock-climbing might receive training for the infinitely more arduous tasks which may await them in the later stages of their pursuit. The island might well be purchased by some public-spirited organisation, such as the National Trust for Scotland, for the promotion of the more strenuous and manly exercises.

Though in theory, of course, it is possible to land on Rum—at all events on its foreshore—adventurers do arrive at this Forbidden Isle with the firm intention of pressing inland to explore its wild and alluring interior, bringing with them tent or bivouac.

No one should land on Rum unprepared for rain, heavy and prolonged. Nor should anyone arrive, intent on remaining any length of time, without taking ashore with him a supply of food, in case of his being isolated or marooned. The burns, of course, will supply him amply with water, even in the driest of seasons. Above all, he must bear in mind that Rum is primarily a deer forest, and should therefore be given the widest berth at stalking time, if merely for reasons of personal safety.

The mountains of this Forbidden Isle have an allure like the Coolins of Skye, towering in ancient splendour no more than a dozen miles away. Some of the finest distant views of the one are to be had from the summits of the other—the Coolins of Skye from the Coolins of Rum: the Coolins of Rum from the Coolins of Skye. Although the peaks of the former hardly compare with the loftier of the latter, they are certainly not negligible. As many as five of them, grouped in close proximity to one another at the south and south-east of the island, stand well over 2,000 ft.

Access to Rum's highest peaks is comparatively easy from Kinloch, whence one follows the course of the Slugan burn to the northern flanks of Barkeval. A ridge, easy to traverse, connects that hill with Allival. Precaution is necessary, however, when moving about the island's higher reaches, since much of the ancient rock of which these peaks are composed stands shattered and loose. The careless placing of a foot or the rash grasp of the hand might readily dislodge masses of precariously-poised material, and, with it, oneself!

A few years ago, when staying on Eigg, I was afforded an opportunity of landing on Rum through the goodness of a fellow-traveller, the Rev. James Reid Christie, then minister of one of London's Presbyterian churches. James had offered to take the service at Kinloch on the ensuing Sunday, when the parish minister of the Small Isles was expected in any case. On a day of wind and rain and swelling seas, we set out from Eigg in the motor-boat graciously provided on one Sunday of each month by the proprietor of Muck, in order to take the parish minister to Rum and back. We were well and truly drenched by the time we sailed into the quieter waters of Loch Scresort, preparatory to disembarking at Kinloch. No sooner had we got ashore by dinghy than it became obvious that our arrival had been noticed. As we passed up from the shore towards the building serving the island as church and school, Mrs. Morrison, the head stalker's wife, came forth from her house, near at hand, to welcome us. She had sought to prepare food and warmth the instant our craft came into view in the misty loch. For her truly Christian offices, we were indeed thankful. Dry clothes, and especially dry footgear, were provided. Warm food was served by a warm fire; and in no time we were our vigorous selves again. I was in fettle for the mountains, had the day permitted: James was reinvigorated for his sermon. Soon we found ourselves in that part of the island's public building devoted on such occasions to non-secular uses. The entire population had turned out to hear James—men, women and children, a dog or two, and a cat which refused to be dislodged from a corner she had selected under some ponderous benches. At the back of this packed apartment, I sat upon one of the infants' forms, specially carried in from the adjoining schoolroom to accommodate the surplus congregation. Not for years had there been such a muster of the inhabitants. News of James's rhetorical powers had already been bruited; and, in any case, the parishioners were rather weary of their own minister and anxious for a change.

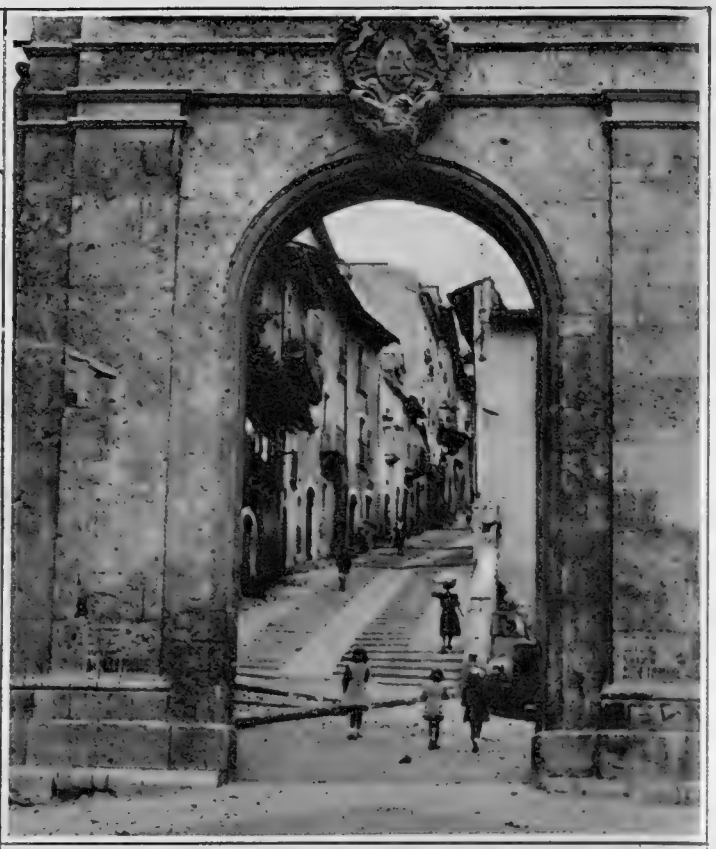
THE LITTLE TOWNSHIP AT KINLOCH AT THE HEAD OF LOCH SCRESORT, ON THE EAST COAST OF RUM: It is from Kinloch that the adventurous visitor to Rum can find easiest access to the highest peaks of the island.

At the close of the service we stepped out into the open to find the hills and cliffs clear of rain and of mist, and warmed with sunshine. For the first time for nigh a week the peaks of Allival and Ashval were free of cloud. The cataracts were swollen and noisy in their descent to the brine of Loch Scresort as we embarked, towards evening, for Eigg.

These mountains of Rum, with their beautiful Norse names, have a subtle enticement. They are indeed magnetic. Who can hear but whispered the name, Allival, without feeling a tug at the heart and a restlessness in the feet?

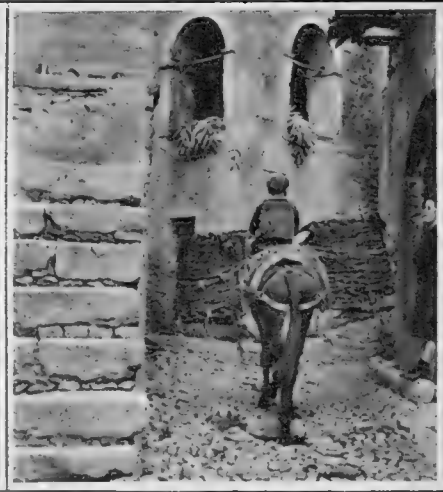
TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY AMONG THE SABINE HILLS: *The Story of a Modern Pilgrimage*

THE SACRED VALLEY OF ST. FRANCIS: It was from here in the Valley of Rieti, the Sacred Valley as it is now called, that St. Francis of Assisi addressed his loudest plea to the world. It was one of the places visited by Anthony Rhodes on his pilgrimage to Rome in Holy Year, which he describes in his new volume, *A Sabine Journey*, now published by Putnam. Like Robert Louis Stevenson in the Cevennes, Anthony Rhodes travelled on a donkey, much to the surprise of the inhabitants of this hill country lying between Terni on the north and Sulmona on the south.



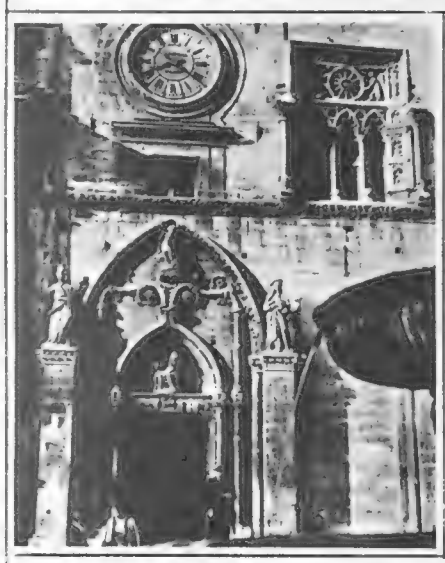
AQUILA, THE PORTA BAZZANO: Aquila, writes Anthony Rhodes, being like most Central Italian cities on a hill, is almost entirely deprived of level streets, and one climbs and descends everywhere. The Aquilans, he says, have never known anything but service in other armies. Even during the recent war they found themselves enlisted to fight for Germans, Americans, English and Russians.

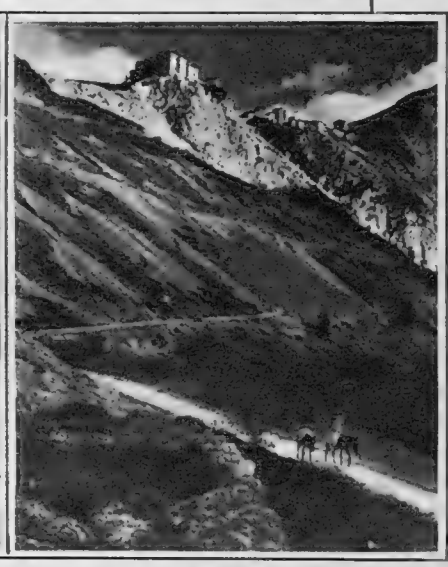
THE AMPHITHEATRE AT AMITERNUM: This is about all that remains of the Sabine city where Sallust was born 2,000 years ago. Within its walls Anthony Rhodes describes how he was confronted by a viper which, letting out a venomous hiss, advanced upon him, obviously fully aware of the deadly nature of its mission.



HIGH STREET IN PONTIUS PILATE'S VILLAGE: The village of San Pio was the birthplace of Pilate. It is one of the dirtiest of Italian villages according to Mr. Rhodes.

THE CONVENT ON THE HILLSIDE MARKS THE CAVE OF PETER THE HERMIT: Peter the Hermit is regarded as an even greater local figure than Ovid. It was from the cave at Badia that he went forth to Rome.





THE VARIED SCENE IN THE SABINE HILLS: *Left*—The Palazzo dell' Annunziata in Sulmona, a town lying in the richest and most fertile part of the Abruzzi at the southern end of the region visited by Anthony Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes describes it as a sort of Italian Maidstone. *Second from left*—"Knitting Grannies" is the author's title for this picture. *Second from right*—Riding through a land of rocks and stones, typical of the wildness of the Abruzzi. *Right*—A street scene in Poggio Bustone.

Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels With a Donkey*, that remarkable account of the adventures of Modestine and her driver in the wild hill country of the Cevennes, and Hilaire Belloc's *Path to Rome*, that most diverting story of a pilgrimage through Europe, are both called to mind by Anthony Rhodes's new book, *A Sabine Journey* (Putnam. 18s.). Mr. Rhodes's wanderings in Italy were unconventional, and his choice of donkey transport for his journey through the Sabine Hills made it quite clear to the Italians of the neighbourhood that the English tourists were at their lunatic tricks again.

Mr. Rhodes had some difficulty in finding a donkey for hire, and with it went the rather villainous-looking but very amiable Giuseppe, who acted as "guide, philosopher and friend" throughout this trip through the land of shepherds, a rugged land of mixed blessings which runs parallel with the Apennines. Like the Cevennes, the Sabine Hills are backward in modern-day developments, but in this country nature has been abundant with her favours, and we follow with genuine pleasure the fortunes of Mr. Rhodes, the scholar gipsy, as he moves south under a scorching sun amid the little hills and mamelons covered with thyme, rosemary and asphodel.

In the centre of the Sabine country, Mr. Rhodes entered the Valley of Rieti, forever associated with the name of St. Francis, and at Rieti itself he attended a Communist fiesta, a great local occasion with wine and words flowing freely. Then came a visit to the rock town of Poggio Bustone and a somewhat unexpected meeting with a lifelong admirer of the late Arthur Henderson, in whom, he affirmed, was combined the genius of Plato, Marcus Aurelius and Dante. At Aquila, Mr. Rhodes had more adventures, encountering one of Italy's dirtiest hotels and most avaricious hotel-keepers, while Amiternum brought an encounter with a viper in the amphitheatre. Altogether this is a most engrossing narrative, with the author evidently enjoying nearly every minute of his wanderings. Finally, in Rome, Mr. Rhodes regretfully says good-bye to Pepe, the donkey, and to the faithful Giuseppe.

PROGRESS IN HOUSING

The Growth of Hemel Hempstead; Housing Schemes in the Western Hemisphere

PROGRESS CONTINUES ON THE BUILDING OF THE NEW SATELLITE TOWN OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, IN HERTFORDSHIRE: This picture shows one of the blocks of shops at the new town, where building is continuing at an increasing tempo. The new factories of four firms at Hemel Hempstead now employ 290 people and four other factories under construction will eventually employ 3,260. Some 19,000 people are already living in the town, and it will eventually accommodate 60,000. Hemel Hempstead is one of eight new towns being built to help relieve the congestion of the sprawling city of London. It will be many years, however, before they are anywhere near completion.

IE NEW FACTORY OF MULTICORE SOLDERS LIMITED AT HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: It is on the corner of Maylands Avenue in the Adeyfield Neighbourhood Unit.

SUME OF THE NEW FLATS OF THE ADEYFIELD NEIGHBOURHOOD UNIT OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: Intended principally for single people and childless couples, they are rented at between 27s. and 36s. a week.

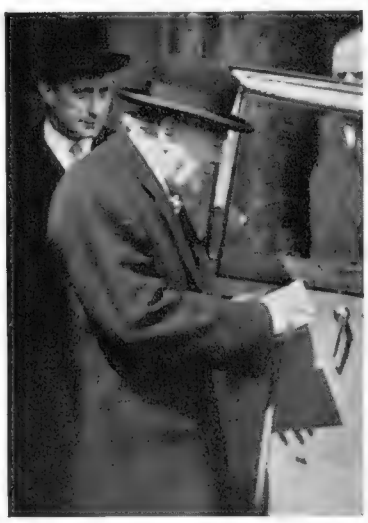
TERRACED AND SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES AT HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: This is another part of the Adeyfield Neighbourhood Unit. The small but smart houses stand behind spacious, well-planned lawns and shrubberies.

A CONTRAST IN HOUSING DESIGN FROM THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE: The chess-board effect of this new block of flats in Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, serves a practical as well as æsthetic purpose. The white brick sections at the side of the balconies are designed to promote a natural flow of air and to provide protection from the heat of the tropical sun. This is the first of five such buildings designed by two young Venezuelan architects.

NEW HOMES FOR PUERTO RICANS—AN AERIAL VIEW OF A HOUSING PROJECT IN THE HEART OF THE CITY OF SAN JUAN: There are 484 flats in the eleven buildings of this new colony. They are intended for people of the lower income groups and the rent of each is about £3 a month. The flats occupy an 8-acre site near the city's water-front and were built at a cost of 2,277,000 dollars. San Juan is the capital of Puerto Rico, an American possession in the West Indies with a population of nearly two million, most of whom are white. According to the island's Planning Board, about 18,000 families will have been moved out of slum areas of the city and into modern dwellings like this by 1956. In San Juan 3,298 flats have been completed since 1940 and 11,000 more are scheduled for completion during the next four years.

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

Members of the Coronation Commission; King Farouk at His Father's Tomb; Marshal Juin in England; Pandit Nehru with the Ruler of Sikkim



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CORONATION COMMISSION: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, leaving St. James's Palace after the twenty-minute meeting presided over by the Duke of Edinburgh. With the exception of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers the meeting was attended by all the appointed members.

LORD WOOLTON AND MR. ATTLEE AT ST. JAMES'S: The Lord President of the Council and the Leader of the Opposition are two of the representatives of the Coronation Commission for the United Kingdom.

EARL JOWITT AND THE HOME SECRETARY, SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE: The business of the first meeting was largely formal, a joint committee being set up to consider the United Kingdom and Dominion problems.

Just before the Queen returned to London to take up residence at Buckingham Palace it was announced that June 2, 1953, had been fixed for the Coronation and that a Coronation Commission had been appointed under the chairmanship of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Commission consists of persons representative of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Pakistan and Ceylon. There is no representative of India as the Queen is only head of the Commonwealth so far as that country is concerned, whereas she is acknowledged as Queen by the other Dominions. The duty of the Commission is to consider those aspects of the arrangements for the Coronation which are of common concern. Last week those members of the Commission resident in the United Kingdom met at St. James's Palace and appointed a joint Committee under the chairmanship of the Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, to examine the various problems which will arise. The Coronation Commission now appointed will not be concerned with the actual ceremony. This is only the second time that a Coronation Commission has been appointed. Proclamations will be made later concerning the Privy Council and the Court of Claims, the origin of which goes back to the Coronation of Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III. It is the Court's duty to adjudicate upon claims to perform ceremonial services to the Queen at the time of her Coronation.

KING FAROUK HONOURS THE MEMORY OF HIS FATHER: The King is seen at the Cairo mosque of El Rifai, where, with other members of the Egyptian Royal Family, he prayed recently at the tomb of his father, the late King Fuad, on the sixteenth anniversary of his death. King Farouk is a descendant of Mohammed Ali, an Albanian soldier and adventurer who in 1806 made himself Pasha of Egypt and is regarded as the founder of the present State. Farouk was sixteen when, on the death of King Fuad, he was proclaimed King. For another fifteen months there was a Regency until in July 1937 he assumed his powers as sovereign. It is doubtful, at the moment, if he enjoys great popular support, but he still has a considerable and often stabilising political influence over the disturbed conditions prevailing in his country.

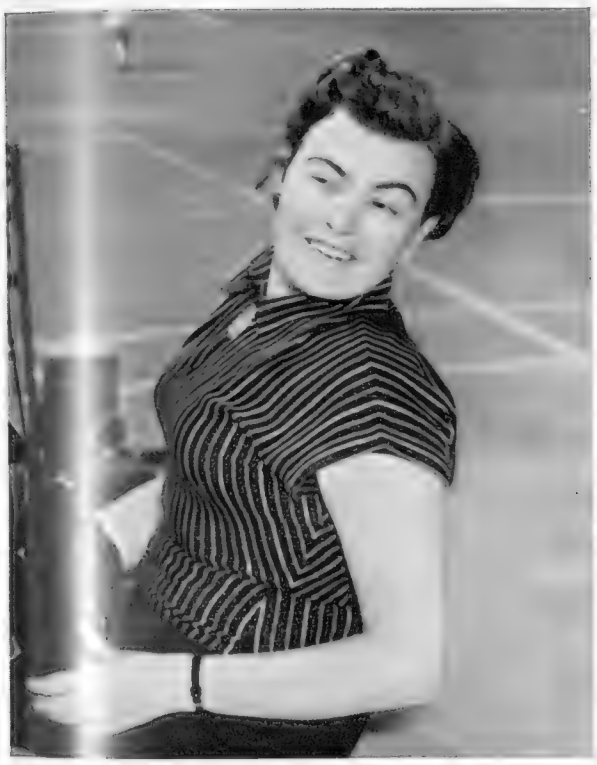
A ONE-MAN CRAZY SHOW AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM: The American comedian Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante "finds the Lost Chord" during a performance of one of his famous numbers. In a prodigal display of energy and reckless exuberance "Schnozzle" turns the stage upside down during his search for the errant notes, slaughters the English language with his own peculiar vocabulary, wears scores of fantastic hats, scatters considerable portions of the piano about the stage and in his familiarly raucous voice sings many of his famous songs. Mr. Durante, who was last here in 1936, is appearing in a four-week season at the Palladium.

On left—

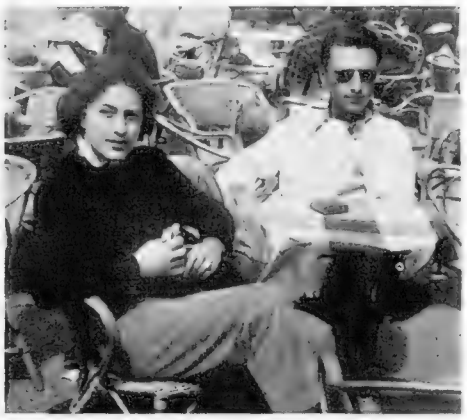
THE BRITISH YACHTSMAN MR. EDWARD ALLCARD, WHO HAS LEFT ON ANOTHER VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: Mr. Allcard, who last year completed his lone two-way voyage across the Atlantic, sailed from Plymouth on May 4 on a voyage through the Panama Canal to the United States west coast. He is sailing with Mr. Norman Fowler in the latter's 12-ton Bermuda-rigged yacht *Catania*. Miss Ottilia Frayao, the Portuguese girl who stowed away in Allcard's yacht *Temptress* last year, had expressed the wish to see the *Catania*, but she was not among those who watched the vessel sailing under her own power from the harbour.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA VISITS SIKKIM : Pandit Nehru is seen exchanging white scarves with the Maharaja of Sikkim in the country's traditional method of greeting. Sikkim, now a protectorate of the Indian Union, was from 1890 until the handing over of power in 1947 under British protection. It occupies a vital strategic position between Nepal on the west and Tibet, with which it has trade communications. There are extensive forests and state fruit gardens, and the chief products are rice, corn, wool and oranges. Sikkim is of considerable importance to India as a barrier state against the now Communist-dominated Tibet.

MARSHAL JUIN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED LAND FORCES, CENTRAL EUROPE, VISITS BRITAIN : The Marshal is seen with Major-General N. W. Duncan during a visit to the Tank Museum at the Royal Armoured Corps centre at Bovington, Dorset. The Marshal was on a four-day visit to this country at the invitation of the Army Council, and his promotion from the rank of General was announced while he was here. He is now the only living Marshal of France and is 334th in a succession that dates back to 1185. His promotion was announced in Paris on the seventh anniversary of VE Day and within three days of the eighth anniversary of the victory of the Garigliano, in which the French Expeditionary Corps he commanded played a prominent part. Marshal Juin, is both commander of the Allied Land Forces, Central Europe, and Inspector-General of the French Armed Forces.



MUSSOLINI'S DAUGHTER ANNA MARIA MUSSOLINI AT A LAWN TENNIS TOURNEY IN ROME : She was watching the fourth International Lawn Tennis Championships of Italy at the Foro Italico, or the Foro Mussolini, as it was called in the heyday of Fascism. In the first days after the war the various members of the Mussolini family were rarely seen in public, but in recent years they have tended to become figures of popular interest again.



RAIMONDA CIANO, GRANDDAUGHTER OF BENITO MUSSOLINI, BECOMES ENGAGED : She is seen with her fiancé, Sandro Giunta, at a café on the Isle of Capri. Raimonda's mother is Edda Ciano, the widow of Count Galeazzo Ciano, the Foreign Minister under Mussolini. Sandro Giunta is the son of the Marchesa Zenaide de Roccagiovine, a descendant of Princess Julia Bonaparte, niece of Napoleon.

SULTAN FADL ABDUL KARIM, THE RULER OF LAHEJ, WHOSE CAPITAL WAS OCCUPIED BY BRITISH FORCES AFTER HE FLED TO THE YEMEN : His flight followed a request that he should stay at Aden while the deaths of two of his cousins were investigated.

On left—

IGOR STRAVINSKY AND HIS WIFE ARRIVE IN PARIS FROM THE UNITED STATES : The famous composer was visiting France for an international cultural exhibition presenting various masterpieces produced in the first half of the present century. Igor Stravinsky was born in 1882 at Oranienbaum, Russia. On Rimsky-Korsakov's advice he abandoned his law studies in 1902 and devoted his life to music. His early orchestral music attracted the attention of Diaghilev, by whom he was commissioned to compose for the ballet *The Firebird*. His masterpiece, *Petroushka*, is of a brilliancy unsurpassed in the history of ballet, and his *Sacre du Printemps* is among the most admired items of the modern repertoire. Stravinsky became an American citizen in 1945.

For some time past, events in Lahej, capital of the territories of Sultan Fadl Abdul Karim, in the protectorate of Aden, have provided grounds for anxiety among the British authorities. In the opinion of the Governor and others the Sultan's behaviour indicated that he had become mentally deranged, and matters were brought to a head by a report on April 14 that the Sultan had authorised the killing of two of his cousins. In reply to an inquiry the Sultan virtually admitted his responsibility for the two deaths, claiming proof of a conspiracy against his life. Accordingly, and with the approval of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Governor informed the Sultan that he should go to Aden for medical treatment and that an independent inquiry should be held. Next day the Sultan fled to the Yemen and the Governor ordered the occupation of Lahej. This was followed by a protest issued by the Yemen Legation in London. In the opinion of the Yemen Government, it was stated, any measures by the British in Aden must adhere to treaties between the British Government and the Yemen Government and the Sultan of Lahej. Spokesmen at the Foreign Office and Colonial Office, however, said that nothing which had happened violated existing agreements.

COMPARING THE DEVON AND THE SOMERSET

The New Austin Tried Out Over All Kinds of Roads Reveals Itself to be a Very Good Car with a Sprightly Performance in Top Gear

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

AFTER driving an Austin Somerset for several hundreds of miles I have no hesitation in saying that the new A 40 is a very good motor-car. I took the Somerset over all kinds of roads. They ranged from main roads, on which it was easy to keep up an effortless 60 miles an hour, to cart-tracks, where no car had ever been before; from hills with gradients of 1 in 4, to country lanes so narrow that it was possible to pick primroses by leaning out on either side of the car.

My Somerset gave me no trouble at all and my overall petrol consumption worked out at just under 30 miles to the gallon. This is good considering the hilly nature of the countryside over which most of the testing was done.

When the Somerset was first announced, there were people who said the slight extra weight—compared with the A 40 Devon it replaced—and the greater frontal area would lower the car's performance and put up the petrol consumption. But it looks as if these points have been adequately taken care of by increasing the brake-horse-power by two and altering the ratio of the rear axle from 5.43 to 5.28.

SIR JOHN BLACK RETURNS FROM HIS 30,000-MILE TRIP TO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: Sir John, Chairman and Managing Director of the Standard Motor Company, entering his plane at Southampton after completing his tour. He said he was very impressed with the reception he had had, and disclosed the possibility of opening a plant for building Standard cars in Australia.

The Somerset I drove certainly behaved with all the zest that helped to make the Devon famous in the markets of the world, and no one could complain of the petrol-consumption figure I have quoted.

The Somerset is, of course, basically the same as the Devon. They have kept all the better features of the older model and have merely made such improvements as were suggested by experience. Most notable change, of course, is in the car's styling. The new body has a striking appearance, with full-width frontal treatment and sweeping lines. It is better-looking than the Devon and bears a strong resemblance to the Austin A 70 Hereford and the new Austin Seven, which will be coming off the Longbridge assembly lines later this year.

There is much more room in the Somerset, both for passengers and luggage. At elbow-height there is an increase in width of 1½ ins. all through the car, and the floor width is 4 ins. greater. The overall length of the Somerset is 6⅛ ins. more than the Devon, with 3 ins. more overhang at both ends.

The Devon had three windows on each side. The Somerset has only two, and it has been possible to move the standing pillar back 4 ins., increasing the width of the front doors by that amount. The rear door is 8 ins. wider. In fact, the doors of the Somerset are identical with those of its bigger brother, the Hereford.

I found the greater roominess of the new A 40 a great asset, especially when carrying outsize passengers, some of whom were also lavish in their praise of the ease with which they could slide into the seats.

Mechanically, the main change is the use of the cylinder head evolved for the lively A 40 sports model and which permits larger valves and ports to be used. The Somerset also has a down-draught Zenith carburettor and the brake-horse-power is now 42 at 4,300 r.p.m.

For £467 plus £268 18s. purchase tax the Somerset is excellent value. Her 1,200-cc., 4-cylinder overhead-valve engine is remarkably smooth and quiet, even when cruising fast, and a four-speed gear-box, with excellent synchromesh on the top three ratios, is conveniently controlled by a lever on the steering column. Its operation is possibly a little more woolly than on some cars I could name, but on the whole it is easy to find your gears.

Performance on top gear is surprisingly sprightly for a 10-h.p. car, and it is a steep hill that causes you to change down into second gear. The suspension is good, with the independently-sprung front wheels helping to give a pleasant softness to the ride, yet there is enough rigidity about the springing to give the driver complete confidence even when speeding over rough roads or taking a corner fast.

I had no trouble with the brakes. I liked the way the windscreen-wipers did their job—quietly coping with a big area of the curved screen—and I found the front seat, which is of the "split bench" type, comfortable on long journeys. In fact, there is little about the Somerset that I would wish to criticise.

The steering was one thing that did not quite come up to expectations. It did not seem as light and positive as in the Devons I have driven, yet when I took the car back to Birmingham I was assured that the steering on the Somerset remains unchanged. Perhaps the car I had was a little below standard in this respect. Its steering seemed heavy and stiff, particularly when I had to use full lock while manœuvring in small spaces.

Special attention has been paid to dust-proofing in the Somerset. I am glad to know this because this has been one of the weaknesses of British cars in the past. Last year I drove a Devon through the Rockies and the only trouble I had with it was the vast quantity of dust that seeped in while going up over the romantically-named Kicking Horse Pass.

The Austin people are taking this problem so seriously that in addition to having devised elaborate dust-sealing arrangements on the new Somerset, they are taking one Somerset from the production line every week and driving it to the Motor Industry Research Association's establishment at Lindley, near Nuneaton, for tests in M.I.R.A.'s dust tunnel.

When I took the Somerset back to Longbridge I had another look at the new Austin assembly plant. What a fantastically efficient place it is! How uncanny and Wellsian it is to watch the underground conveyors taking bodies, engines, axles and all the rest of it from the lower factory and depositing each item automatically in exactly the right place, at precisely the right second, on one of two assembly lines!

There is room for four assembly lines in the new factory. The two already in operation are used respectively to assemble A 40 cars and trucks and A 70 cars and trucks. A third will be brought into use when Mr. Leonard Lord is ready to go into full-scale production with the new Austin Seven.

The C.A.B.—Car Assembly Building, as the new factory is called at Longbridge—was designed to turn out 4,000 vehicles a week. At present the weekly output is only 2,600 a week—because of material shortages—but production in other factories increases this figure to a total Austin output each week of 3,200 vehicles.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has taken me to task over my recent references to the new arrangements made for exhibiting racing cars at this year's Motor Show. It says I did not tell the whole story. How could I, if no one took the trouble to tell *me* the whole story?

It appears that in addition to having a composite stand for racing cars, the Society has decided to let manufacturers display, on their own stands, not more than one "special car exhibit"—not necessarily a production model—which has won a race, trial or other competition; performed some outstanding feat; or which is of exceptional interest.

I suppose that will let in the extremely interesting turbine-engined Rover. It will certainly admit the saloon in which Sydney Allard won this year's Monte Carlo Rally.

The Automobile Association has just sent me its latest booklet listing the "appointed and approved" hotels of England, Wales and Scotland. It's one of the A.A. services we are inclined to take for granted, but which is none the less valuable for all that. No one whose work takes him by car up and down the country can afford not to have one of these A.A. hotel lists in one of his pigeon-holes or car pockets.

The A.A. assures me that under the new arrangement whereby hotels are now given a three-sided accreditation by themselves, the R.A.C. and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, much greater care is taken to ensure that hotels really deserve the two, three or four stars with which they are credited in their booklet. But we still lack, in Britain, a hotel register with the accuracy and courage of France's Michelin Guide.

One day last week the twenty-four-hours-a-day service station maintained by the Rootes Group at Ladbrooke Hall, not far from London's White City, received its 150,000th "customer." The station was opened in October 1946 and never closes its doors. Covering 250,000 square feet under one roof, it is probably the world's largest service station.

THE RETURN OF MR. LEONARD LORD: The Chairman and Managing Director of Austin Motors Ltd. with his daughter, Miss P. E. Lord, on arrival at Southampton in the *Queen Mary*. Mr. Lord was completing a similar tour of investigation in Australia to that undertaken by Sir John Black. He was the prime mover in the recent merger of the great Morris and Austin organisations.

A PRECISION-BUILT CAR MINIATURE: This electrically-driven 1/8-in. scale model of the Vauxhall Velox, produced in collaboration with Vauxhall Motors Ltd., has recently been introduced. The model, which is 9⅝ in. long, is powered by a "Mighty Midget" electric motor (size 1 cub. in.) fed by three standard type 1½-volt flashlamp batteries. These will keep the car running continuously for over two hours. The body, of durable plastic, is detachable from the chassis. Reversing gear is fitted, and the car may be obtained with either right- or left-hand Ackerman-type steering. The scale speed is 75 m.p.h. The models are manufactured by Victory Industries (Surrey) Ltd., of Guildford. A spares and reconditioning service is in operation.

When a firm like the Champion Sparking Plug Co., Ltd., starts talking about the petrol saving effected by a new set of sparking-plugs, one's immediate reaction is to say: "Yes, and very nice for *your* business, too!" Yet I am convinced that a document they sent me the other day is worth more than a casual study.

Tests recently made by the firm's engineering department show that over 10,000 miles—an average year's motoring—you can save £5 6s. 3d. on your fuel bill if you have a car that normally does 40 m.p.g. If it usually consumes a gallon of petrol every 15 miles the saving to be expected from a new set of plugs would be £14 5s.

Stirling Moss, Britain's champion racing driver, has contributed an interesting article to the 500-cc. *Motor Racing Year Book for* 1952 (Pearl, Cooper Ltd. 6s.). In it he freely acknowledges the debt he owes to 500-cc. racing.

"I shall never regret having caught the enthusiasm for half-litre machines in 1948," he writes, "just as I shall always be grateful to the years I spent competing on four legs instead of four wheels. The money I won at horse-show jumping not only helped to finance my first car but it also gave me invaluable experience of conquering competition nerves. It is in such training that the half-litre field makes its biggest contribution towards driving larger and faster cars."

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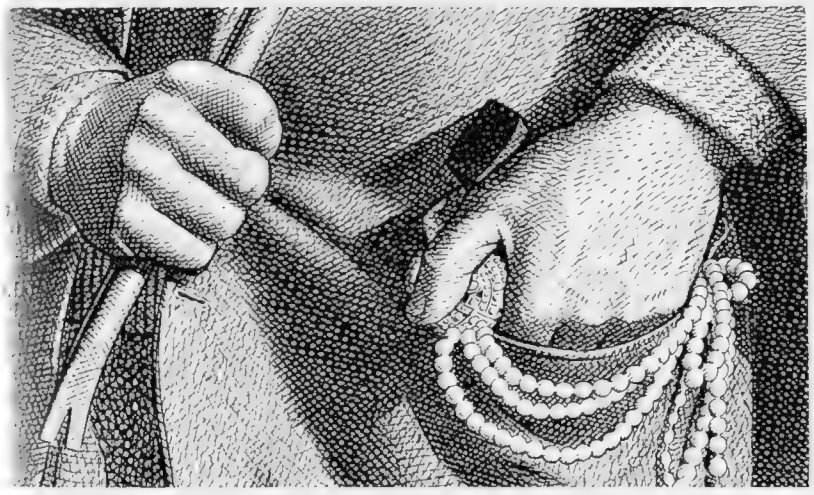
GALAS AT THE AMBASSADEURS



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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

LOBSTERS ON THE AGENDA

A Serious Novel with a Facetious Title About a Village Somewhere on the West Coast of Scotland

I CAN remember, for it seems not more than thirty years ago, when people first began talking about inhibitions as if they were a kind of dangerous pet or even parasite, and when freedom from inhibitions became a synonym for peace of mind. The family whose story Miss Victoria Lincoln writes in OUT FROM EDEN (Faber. 12s. 6d.) take the thing a step further, however, by not recognising that inhibitions exist at all, either for themselves or their friends, and the result is an existence so full of spontaneous ups and downs as to be perfectly exhausting. The father of this family is an American artist, a good but only occasionally successful one; the mother, his goddess-like model; the son, a young mathematical prodigy; and the daughter, a beauty with feelings in place of thoughts and a direct approach that most tigers would respect. I am not sure that I took the book quite as seriously as Miss Lincoln would wish a reader to take it, but I did enjoy it, and think you may too.

LOBSTERS ON THE AGENDA (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is, in spite of its faintly facetious title, a serious enough novel about a village somewhere on the West Coast of Scotland, and the slow but perceptible changes that the war and the restless younger people are bringing to it. The village prosperity, such as it is, is founded mostly on fishing, on the near-by farms, and on the Forestry Commission that gives work to some of the villagers. Recreations are almost non-existent, unless the competition between the Established Church, the Free Presbyterians and the Wee Frees be counted as such, and a proposal by the District Councillor to inaugurate a village hall causes as much commotion and discussion in the neighbourhood as a call to battle in other times. Mrs. Naomi Mitchison has written her novel for the greater part in dialogue, and in Highland dialogue at that, which is not necessarily an attraction to those who live south of the border, but it is lively in its way, the way of parish meetings and bar-room cabals, and shows a very real knowledge of Highland quirks and foibles.

LE PETIT LAPIN BLANC: Wing-Commander F. E. Yeo-Thomas, G.C., with Mrs. John Pudney and an outsize in white rabbits, at a party given in London to launch Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas's book, *The White Rabbit*, the wartime thriller which has just been published by Evans. The author was captured by the Gestapo after a series of missions in enemy-occupied France. He was referred to in code messages as Le Petit Lapin Blanc.

Mrs. Netta Muskett writes as a romantic and as one who enjoys that label. ROCK PINE (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is, in fact, a Cinderella story with variations, and, since it appears impossible for that theme to age or lose its immense appeal, there is no doubt that this novel will count its readers in thousands. Melanie is the daughter of the slatternly couple who own a village store, but her beauty and her grace mark her out for better things, and, sure enough, these come along in the guise of one Griff Mangrove, whose proposal of marriage she eventually accepts, to find that her aristocratic young husband is something of a waster. Luckily, Melanie's strength of character is enough for two, and the happy ending that seemed inevitable is consistent too. Mrs. Muskett does all this kind of thing remarkably well, and deserves applause for being frankly sentimental in her writing manner without cloying exaggeration.

TIGHTROPE (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) is a moving, sometimes exciting and not altogether satisfactory novel about the problems of a man who, having served as a Jewish officer in the British Army, resigns his commission after an "incident" in Jerusalem in one of the post-war years, and returns to England and to his beautiful, non-Jewish wife. It is a story of obsessions and of a man's will to see straight in spite of them. Mr. Victor Ross writes with a passionate conviction which is impressive but which does not always make for a well-balanced novel. You will find dignity in the book and even a hint of nobility, but the urgency of the message the author is attempting to convey has made him ignore the finer points of story construction.

A Jewish problem that is part of the world's problem is the basis of Miss Hilde Abel's novel, THE GUESTS OF SUMMER (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), for the action takes place in the last summer month before war, and the safe comforts of a little American resort are contrasted with the lowering menace in Europe, where ghettos are already pillaged and concentration camps already full. Against the blackness of that background, suggested rather than sketched, Miss Abel has drawn a group of people on holiday, some of them focusing narrowly and closely on their own troubles and joys, but a few of them with a wider vision, and consequently a greater fear. Here, too, the sincerity glows through every page and, unlike the book just mentioned, the characters live as vulnerable and very real people.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF FEAR (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is story, parable or fantasy, as the reader chooses. It is also solemn to a dangerous degree. "'It is his wish,' said Prosz softly. The official spat on a sheep . . ." That kind of thing. Mr. Robert Ardrey, who was also the author of *Thunder Rock*, writes of an island which has neither real existence nor political parallel, a pastoral community to which comes a political "criminal," pursued from the mainland by a member of the secret police. Short of deducing that this rules out Oronsay, Eigg and Skye, there is no further identification. If one were unfeeling enough to boil the story down to factual essentials, one might say that the theme was one of tension and pursuit, and indeed in those passages most simply concerned with these things, the book is at its best. It is a disconcerting business not to find pity or terror in a story, no matter how clearly the writer points them out, but that has been my case here, I am afraid.

Miss Barbara Willard's new novel has many of the qualities and, I suppose, the defects that people who are not English mean when they refer to the English novel. It is civilised, a little thin, quietly humorous and, in an odd way, reassuring. The setting is a countryside more pretty than beautiful, and the plot concerns a young woman whose future husband had been killed in the war and who takes on a temporary job as secretary to a famous novelist in order to divert herself by studying somebody else's difficulties.

ECHO ANSWERS (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is such quiet fun as to be practically inaudible, but it *is* fun, all the same, and I hope you will find in it the same well-mannered charm that I thought I discovered.

With such a title as THE FRENCHMAN AND THE LADY (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) one might imagine such a leering kind of love-story as would hardly pass those alert watch committees. In fact, there is nothing about Mrs. Elizabeth Cadell's story that would not pass a clean-minded child of four. And again, in fact, it is with clean-minded children of four and slightly older ones that this entertaining book of Mrs. Cadell's is concerned. Ever since reading about Roland and his horn, I have been kindly disposed to echoes, so it is no wonder that the echo of Dornford Yates strokes kindly on the eye here. But the humour is Mrs. Cadell's own, and so, more or less, are those clean-limbed young Englishmen who are not rich, you know, but more tweedy than needy.

One used to think of "period" stories as indicating leg-of-mutton sleeves and strapped trousers, if not actually hoops and mounting-blocks, but it now appears that there is a slow and oily wave of period novels dealing with that period in which we were all young. It is a sharp but perhaps an astringent shock. One such is Mr. Don Tracy's STREETS OF ASKELON (Constable. 12s. 6d.), which, I believe, has only recently been written but which gives an all-too-enlightened picture of Baltimore in the 1920's. Now, in common with thousands of Anglo-Saxons, I have always regarded that city as an eighteenth-century outpost of civilisation, and a nineteenth-century port and university centre. I don't believe that all of us were wrong about that, but Mr. Tracy makes a very spirited attempt to show not only that we were, but that Baltimore thirty years ago was as riddled with commonplace vice as a Gruyère with air. Incidentally, and from more recent experiences, English people are still inclined to respect the city of Baltimore.

Everyone knows the gambit of "Don't look now, but—" and I am afraid that Mr. Upton Sinclair's latest novel has that effect on me. ANOTHER PAMELA (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.) is a not spirited enough attempt to write a present-day Richardson. In its own idiom, that *Pamela* was more than just good: it was an epoch-maker, at least in the smallish world of the novel-writers who would follow Richardson. More than that, it was dashing and daring, and Mr. Sinclair's twentieth-century version is about as dashing as an entry in the spring carthorse parade. Perhaps it reads more gracefully in a country further from the source. Perhaps it reads like that magical Hollywood word—"an original." But that has not been Mr. Sinclair's intention, and for that, like all gallant failures, one must have respect.

DAUGHTER OF STRANGERS (Heinemann. 15s.) is an out-and-out period novel and luscious to the point of lip-licking, which is possibly no accident. Elizabeth Boatwright Coker writes with an historical sense of what South Carolina was like before the war between the states, but she also writes with a very nice sense of the dramatic and the well-clothed. Here are slaves and free men, torture and singing; ball gowns, chased silver and whips. In a way, it is all according to pattern, but if that is said, it must be added that the pattern is singularly easy on the eye and ear.

SQUIRE NEPTUNE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is an adventure story of the 1790's and, as its title indicates, has a little something to do with the seas around England. In this case they are the seas off the east coast and the personages are salt-stained versions of the Scarlet Pimpernel, his cronies and his *protégés*. Miss Shirley Murrell has, however, an entirely original line of her own for their treatment and eventual fate.

THE SHOALS OF CAPRICORN

F. D. Ommanney in the Indian Ocean

For over 1,000 miles of Indian Ocean, from the tropic islands of the Seychelles to the twin dead volcanic peaks of Reunion and Mauritius, which lie almost upon the Tropic of Capricorn, there are great areas of shallow sea where the bottom comes up steeply from the abyss, from over 2,000 fathoms, perhaps, to form vast tablelands beneath the surface, tablelands which millions of years ago may have been part of a continent joining Madagascar to India. The Saya de Malha Bank, the Nazareth Bank, the two great island groups, and many other smaller banks, many of them bearing clusters of islands and mere sand spits tufted with coconut palms, form a geographical entity. Here is the region of the south-east trades, the warm, damp winds which travel uninterruptedly from the edge of the Roaring Forties, dropping their moisture in downpours of rain upon the jagged central uplands of Mauritius, upon the high green peaks of the Seychelles. In THE SHOALS OF CAPRICORN (Longmans. 21s.), F. D. Ommanney, the author of that best-seller *South Latitude*, surveys in his own inimitable way these tropic seas which he has visited on behalf of the Colonial Office to examine the possibility of fishing there upon a commercial scale. Scientist, reporter, philosopher and historian struggle for the mastery in these closely-knit pages of keen observation. Dr. Ommanney takes us first to Mauritius, among the black, lazy, cheerful and improvident fishermen and the staid business men who catch the 8.15 to town, their houseboys at a discreet distance carrying their brief-cases to the station. He gives an intimate glimpse of island life past and present. Then by the three-masted schooner *Diolinda* we journey on to the ninety-two islands of the Seychelles, which, seen from the sea, offer such a fair and languorous prospect. From the land the picture is wholly different. The capital, Victoria, is a sordid and graceless little slum, says Dr. Ommanney. "Its few untidy streets of tin and wooden shanties show no sign of any civilising influence, and around them hangs a characteristic odour of rancid coconut oil, dried fish and bad drains." On his fishing survey among the shallow banks and shoals, the author dwells at length, and always entertainingly, and there is a notable chapter on the Aldabara Islands, one of the last haunts of the giant land tortoise. *The Shoals of Capricorn* is going to be a popular favourite, not least because it has a title of which publishers dream.

In much the same vein, if lacking the same touch, is Michael F. Page's A SEA WITH MANY ISLANDS (Robert Hale. 16s.). This young writer travelled widely in the Far East, among the islands which, from the Bay of Bengal to Japan, "stretch like a necklace looped about the throat of Southern Asia." Mr. Page has produced a record of people and places, and pleasantly diverting it is too.

Peter Quennell, in SPRING IN SICILY (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.), tells the story of a rewarding journey to this Mediterranean island. He tells it in measured prose, bringing before the reader the gaiety of Sicily's coastal fringe, in which flowers are plentiful and colours are bright, contrasting, as it does, with the severity of the inland districts and the seaside towns of the extreme west, where another civilisation has left its mark, where speech is reserved and faces are sombre. Mr. Quennell draws upon his wide-ranging historical and literary knowledge, describing Nelson's ignominious visit to Sicily when he danced attendance upon Lady Hamilton, Goethe's escape to Sicily from Weimar, and D. H. Lawrence being stoned as a German by Sicilian sulphur miners. Both D. H. Lawrence and Ruskin were attracted by Taormina, but neither of these restless spirits found there the tranquillity of mind that they sought.

The tendency to regard Scandinavia as a geographical and ethnographical unity is often deplored by the Scandinavians, for they are fully aware what false notions this tendency can engender, just as citizens of New Zealand and Australia occasionally raise a mild protest when they hear the word Australasia, lumping together, as it does, two nations divided by a thousand miles of sea. In SKOAL SCANDINAVIA (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), Edward Streeter describes an automobile trip through Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Mr. Streeter is a New Yorker, with a gay and disarming style, but his high-speed tourism tells us more about himself and his companions than about the lands he has visited. Eric de Maré's SCANDINAVIA (Batsford. 21s.) is a very different volume. It is full of detailed information for the traveller wishing to obtain a broad knowledge of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, landscape, architecture, general culture and national background being the subjects touched upon. Mr. de Maré is a fine photographer and much of his camera work adorns these pages.

Jack Merriott, whose work is so well known to readers of SPHERE special features, provides the illustrations for Thurston Hopkins's CORNWALL (Blackie. 5s.), the latest addition to "Our Beautiful Homeland" Series. No choice of an artist for this volume could have been happier, for Mr. Merriott now has his home in Polperro and has long been familiar with the sights and scenes of Cornwall.

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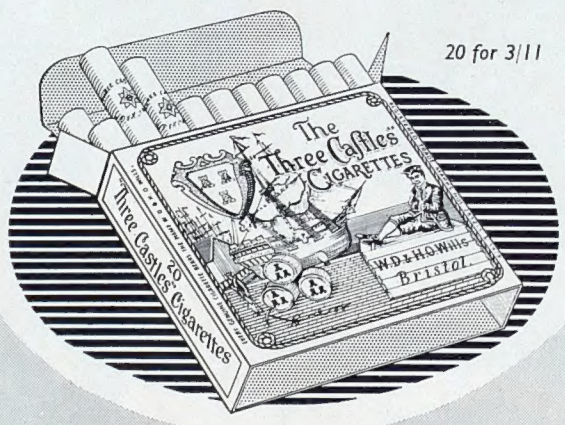

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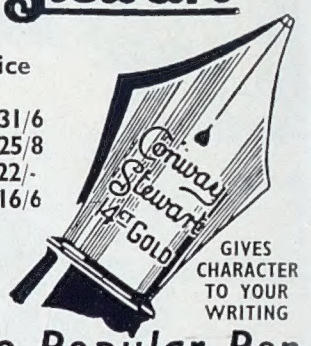

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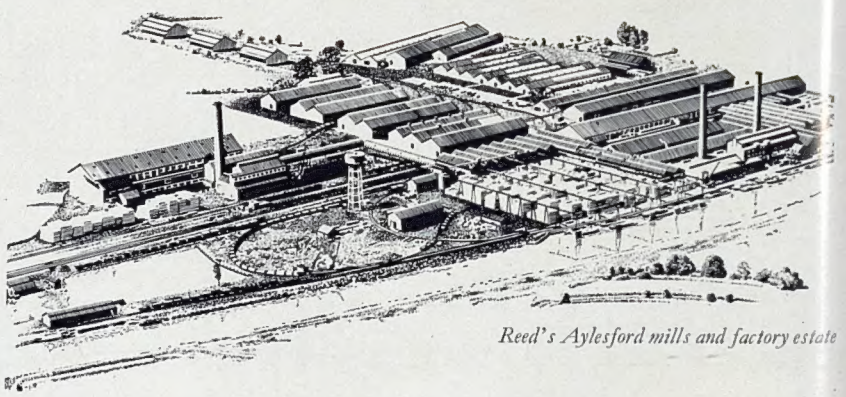

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